



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE



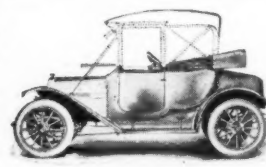


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HERE is a car that will serve you every day, all the year round, in all weathers.
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top folds back, and if desired the side windows lift off, transforming your snug winter car into an airy open roadster, delightful for warm weather driving.
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THEODORE B. STARR, INC.

LOUIS MORRIS STARR, President

HOWARD WHITE STARR, Vice President

A Document of 1862

“OUR intimate acquaintance during many years past with Mr. Theodore B. Starr, and our perfect confidence in his integrity, faithfulness and business experience induce us to cordially recommend his services to all who may want any goods in his line of business.”

(Signed) Read, Taylor & Co.
Peckham, Merrill, Fitch & Co.
Arthur Rumrill & Co.
Randel & Baremore

Sackett, Davis & Co.
Ve J. Magnin, Guerdin & Co.
Freeman & Ryer
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham

February 15th, 1862.

Among the many persons, who to-day know and depend on the reliability of this house, there are few who remember the first public announcement of its founder, Mr. Theodore B. Starr.

In substance, that announcement stated that the satisfactory selection and purchase of precious stones, jewelry and silverware, on the part of the buyer, called for integrity, faithfulness and experience on the part of the seller. In the latter capac-

ity Mr. Starr offered his services to the public, and printed in substantiation the endorsement of eight of the most prominent houses of the day.

It is that endorsement which we have reproduced above.

In the fifty years that have elapsed, the business then founded has grown to greatness—due entirely to the strictest maintenance of its founder's policy, which was and is to deal in reliable merchandise and to keep faith with every customer.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY
JEWELRY WATCHES SILVERWARE
CLOCKS BRONZES STATIONERY LEATHER GOODS

5TH AVENUE AND 47TH STREET
NEW YORK



Looking forward to a good thing.

The Thanksgiving
Number of

Life

NEXT WEEK



Awful!

Shall we issue that Awful
Number of Life? Every
consideration of honor
forbids it!

"Bygones"?



Doctor's Number

This number is now evolving. It's a little
tribute to the medical profession. We
ought to charge extra for it, con-
sidering the subject, but
the price as usual
will be ten
cents.

Special Offer

Enclosed find
One Dollar
(Canadian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for
three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription
renewed at this rate. This order must come to
us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York
ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Rhymed Review

Mrs. Lancelot

(By Maurice Hewlett. The Century Company)

Though knights with swords and
dames with trains,
May sometimes give his thought
digression,
The Cult of Free-love still remains
Poor Mr. Hewlett's chief obsession.

His large-eyed Mrs. Lancelot
So pure, so free of worldly mire,
Has just eloped with Poore—a not
Ill-designated versifier.

Charles Lancelot, a frosty prig
And bore, by Vain Ambition bitten
Had dreams of being something big.
When George the Fourth was King
in Britain.

He therefore set his wife to work
To charm the lord who dealt the
prizes
In public life—a bad old Turk,
A Duke who bore the name "De-
vizes."

This Duke was fond of Mrs. L.,
But, though his love for her grew
chronic,
She managed him extremely well.
And kept their friendship quite
Platonic.

Established 1788

Carstairs Rye

has been running in first
place since 1788—and is
still the favorite of all
Races. A superior blend
Aged in wood-rich and
mellow. The numbered
label shows our bottling



But now the poet, Gervase Poore,
That raved of Ledas, Helens, Circes,
Was introduced by Thomas Moore,
Who, strangely, liked his ragged
verses.

He carried Mrs. L. by storm;
So, after several months of sighing
(A slight delay is proper form),
They ran away, the world defying.

Then Charles pursued and claimed his
wife;
But Gervase answered, pert and
scrappy,

"You've had your chance and spoiled
her life;
Now I will make this Angel happy!"

Quoth Charles, "Howe'er your taunts
may sting
I must admit you speak with reason.
So keep her. Here's my wedding-ring.
I'll send a full divorce in season."

I'd stand his moral caracoles
If Mr. Hewlett only wouldn't
Write slop about "the crystal souls"
Of ladies who do what they
shouldn't.

Arthur Guiterman.



"32" Touring Car—\$975

F. O. B. Detroit, including windshield, mohair top with envelope, jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, gas head-lights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel. Roadster, fully equipped, \$975.

"32" Delivery, fully equipped, \$950
"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped, \$750
F. O. B. Detroit

An axle that is an axle

The Hupmobile rear axle is of the full-floating type—a type almost wholly restricted to cars of the highest price.

The chief advantage of this type is that no load whatever is carried on the axle shafts. They do nothing but drive the wheels.

The Hupmobile housing is built up of the two tapered steel tubes, 1, 1, the malleable iron central housings, 2 and 3; and the propeller shaft housing tube, 4—five pieces which form a case so strong and rigid that it does not require the support of truss rods.

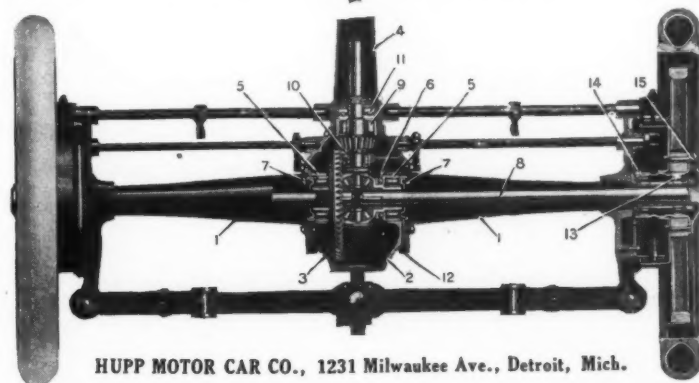
The tubes 1, 1, carry the weight of the car. Each wheel runs on two sets of roller bearings, 13 and 14—13 takes the load—14 takes care of the side strains.

Thus, the axle shafts, 8, are freed to do the driving, with flanges bolted to the wheels at 15.

The large roller bearings, 5, 5, take only the up and down loads from the differential, the end thrust bearing being taken by two ball bearings just outside the rollers. One of these is shown at 6.

In mounting the bevel driving pinion, we use two roller bearings, 9 and 10, instead of one, placing one on each side of the gear. They hold it in perfect and permanent alignment, while the ball bearings, 11, take the end thrust.

Two threaded adjusters, 7, 7, are used in our axle to set the bevel gear so that proper mesh with the driving pinion is secured and retained.



HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., 1231 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Announcing

To Electric Car Owners

12%
More
Miles On
Battery
Charge



12%
More
Resilience
—The Ride
Supreme

Firestone

Clincher Cushion Tires

Fit Pneumatic Rims, Standard Clincher or Quick Detachable Clincher



TWELVE per cent more miles for every charge of your battery; the current economy of the ordinary electric pneumatic tire without the bother and expense of tire troubles.

And Resiliency, Comfort, Riding Pleasure never before approached in solid tires. We have the proofs, substantiated by test in America's leading electric car factories.

These proofs are obtained, before tire leaves our factory, by scientific tests. The tire on the wheel must measure to the standard established by exact road and load conditions. Get these proofs!

No matter how your electric is now equipped, you can quickly, easily and economically change to these Firestone Clincher Cushion tires without changing wheel or rim.

These tires are the ultimate accomplishment in solids.

The make-shifts of holes and blocked-out sections which substitute jerky spring and jolt for uniform resiliency are abandoned stages in Firestone evolution.

The over-hang design, the scientific proportioning of the Firestone Clincher Cushion, supported by the continuous body of Firestone supreme resiliency, make level ground of car-track or other obstacles.

Dual tread, in addition to increased cushion, gives secure protection against skid or slip. One section of tire prepares dry gripping surface for second section. Get our electric tire catalog and be convinced by the facts and figures based on scientific and practical proof.

Direct Service Stations In All Cities

Call at the Firestone branch or agency in your city or town and have them equip your electric now and keep it equipped at a minimum cost for maximum service.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, And All Principal Cities
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

LIFE



Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Julius Cæsar.



OCTOBER 31, 1912

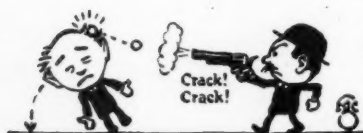
"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. LX.
No. 1566

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Cannon House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.

CRIMES of violence abound. The papers report that in New

York, between October 12 and October 15, seven persons were murdered and seven others fatally injured by murderous assaults.

In the Becker trial witnesses have told extraordinary tales of a trade in murder, flourishing and reduced to a system.

A young friend of a young friend of ours, walking in Thirty-second street in the evening, was sandbagged and woke up in a hospital, and now here's our friend, Colonel Roosevelt, plugged in the chest in Milwaukee with a large bullet by a demented fellow citizen, who lately lived here in Tenth street!

These abominable assaults are disgusting, especially this on the Colonel, which, we gratefully record, seems to have done him no serious physical harm and possibly some political benefit. But wasn't it a nasty scare, upsetting the whole campaign, monopolizing the newspapers, distracting the attention of earnest men from the baseball series and playing hob for three or four days with the whole museum of political issues!

It was enough to turn anybody away from politics altogether, but since the candidate came out of it so fortunately, it is not gracious to complain. We did not care for his stricken-on-the-field Milwaukee speech, of course. It was very imprudent as an exploit, might have done him a grave physical damage, may have won him a few new votes, which is not to be desired. It

was the same old story, vastly dramatic, of course, under the circumstances; courageous, of course, and, of course, intensely Rooseveltian. But everything must be forgiven to a speaker who speaks with newly acquired bullet punctures in him, even when he speaks an hour and a half.

And after all, the Milwaukee speech was the most useful he has made this year, and by far the most beneficial to our feelings and the country, since, in manuscript in his pocket, it helped to check that madman's bullet. We hope the *Outlook* will publish at least the holes in it.



THE Colonel said in this speech that he had been abused so outrageously in the campaign that it was no wonder that some weak-minded person had finally been stirred up to take a pop at him.

There is not much in that.

He undertook to destroy his own party, and also to do away with a political tradition which has lasted a century, and for which a good many people have very deep regard. Of course, such drastic things, whether good or bad, cannot be attempted without a roiling of the waters. He started his campaign with a cry of Stop Thief! We believe he has lately been warning the country against Wilson as a man who would destroy prosperity, and that night in Milwaukee he held him up as an opponent of child labor laws.

The Colonel has scolded as much as

any one has. It was nobody's fault that a lunatic shot at him instead of at Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson. There was just as much reason to shoot at one of the other candidates as at Mr. Roosevelt. The only difference is that Mr. Roosevelt is by a good deal the most disturbing and exciting figure of the three, and the one most likely to upset an unbalanced mind. That is not because of anything that has been said about him, but because of his personal qualities, and his constant appeals to emotionalism, and constant use of agitations in his campaign. If anyone has made him a target, he is himself the man. He has gone after the emotional vote, and doubtless has gathered it all in. It was altogether too Bull Moose of him to talk in public an hour and a half, having first explained that he had a bullet in him. He ought not to be applauded for such an exploit; he should be spanked. But if there was any remnant of the emotional vote that he had not got in already, he probably got it in Milwaukee, and if not, Mr. Beveridge or Mr. Thomas Lawson, got it for him later.

We beg the Colonel to try not to be shot any more. In his candidacy as it is, there is some comedy, but to have him effectually shot would turn it all to horrid gloom.

And, of course, the betting odds on election being what they are, shooting at him is an absolutely wanton crime, which no sane criminal would consider.



IT was sad that Snooggrass should have muffed a fly in the tenth inning, but someone had to win the series. With the weather inclining frostward and election coming on, it was getting late for baseball. And even aside from the shooting of the Colonel, it was an overstrain on public attention to have politics and sport running simultaneously to finishes. The old-fashioned one-ring circus was the best, and never would have been superseded if the country had not got so populous.

By rights we should now return to serious things, such as the price of



"SH! MY DEAR, I'VE ENGAGED HER FOR THE CHILDREN. SHE KNOWS ALL THOSE EXTRAORDINARY NEW DANCES."

beef. "Free meat" was one of the items in the tariff bills passed by the last Congress, which President Taft vetoed. But for tariff duties of 22 per cent. on meat and 27 per cent. on live stock, we might be getting South American beef as they do in London, a good deal of it better than most of ours, and about one-third cheaper. It is on the poorest of our people that the high price of meat presses hardest, because the proportion of a small income that must be spent for meat is much larger than of a large income. To families that have fifty or a hundred dollars a day, or more, to live on, the price of meat is merely something interesting to talk about, but to families that live on one, two or three dollars a day, present prices must mean very little meat.

THE tariff as an issue has held out pretty well. All the parties profess intentions to abate it, but Mr. Taft has had his chance and muffed it, like Snodgrass, even in the tenth inning, and Mr. Roosevelt can't keep his mind on tariff at all. The two Republican candidates believe in reducing the tariff very carefully, indeed, and so as not to hurt it. Mr. Wilson believes in reducing it carefully, so as not to hurt the people. Mr. Wilson will not mind any disfigurement of the tariff that results in a net increase of comfort for the people. The Democratic theory about the tariff is tariff for revenue

only, but the Democratic practise cannot go that far, but will doubtless be content with changes that will match the formula that "tariffs are made for people and not people for tariffs."

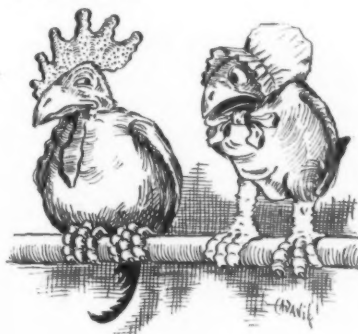
Mr. Wilson is ahead both of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt on the tariff, and he is ahead of Mr. Roosevelt on the trust issue. For our part, we admit that we do not know whether his theory (or the Brandeis and La Follette theory which he supports and expounds) about the regulation of competition, is entirely sound and can be put into practicable and beneficial legislation. But certainly the noises that Mr. Wilson has emitted on that subject have sounded better and more melodious and reassuring than the noises Mr. Roosevelt has emitted about the regulation of business. Either plan is somewhat awful, but Mr. Wilson's plan sounds better, though the terrors of a choice between the two makes one indulgent to Mr. Taft's disposition to leave it to the courts.

If a judicious abatement of the tariff should bite the trusts hard enough in the hind leg to obviate the need of drawing all their teeth, that would be a very welcome modification of a national embarrassment.

For This Relief

PAINS have their compensations.

What with politics, the Becker trial, the visit of the fleet, the baseball series and the shooting of Roosevelt, we won well through towards October this year with hardly any mention of football.



She: I CAN'T SAY YOU ARE A MODEL HUSBAND IN ALL RESPECTS; BUT ONE THING I MUST ADMIT. YOU ARE ALWAYS HOME BEFORE DARK.

Scandalous

OUR womenkind in days of yore—
A score of petticoats they wore
And bulged out in a frightful way—
A huge circumference, they say.
Since then, with every passing year,
They've gone about with less, I hear.
In great alarm on yesterday
I saw them tramping from the play—
I hope someone is keeping score,
They've only got one layer more!

Allen Ray.

Conscience

CONSCIENCE may be roughly divided into two classes: New England and Standard Oil.

The New England Conscience is contemporaneous with the totem pole, the buffalo, and the belief in hell; and all these antiquities went out about the same time. Nothing is now left of the New England Conscience but a few scattered remains, which, like small patches of snow in dim shadowy places, have escaped the blinding glare of Harvard College.

When the New England Conscience died, it did not go out suddenly, but little by little. Raised in England and on the Continent, it began its glorious career on starvation and scalp-lifting, was fed on hell fire, revivals, and Indian corn; and only began to waste away under the Tariff, Unitarianism, and the Episcopal Church.



"BLESSED WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR"



Eve: I TOLD YOU ADAM WAS FALSE, KATE! HERE I'VE DISCOVERED TWENTY-FOUR MORE RIBS!

Any one still possessing a New England Conscience in a fairly good state of preservation, and who has no longer any personal use for it, should turn it over to the Smithsonian Institution, where historical relics are safely interred for the observation of the curious stranger.

The Standard Oil Conscience is first cousin to Politics. It came in about the time the buffalo went out.

The Standard Oil Conscience makes political platforms, tariff schedules, and Baptist creeds. It believes firmly in the law and the profits, and in order to establish the universal brotherhood of man, it insists that the profits shall take care of the law. On the whole, it succeeds.

Furnishing Employment

THE object of the protective policy, said President Taft recently, "is not to shut out foreign manufactures, but to foster domestic manufactures and to keep the American workingman employed."

And a very worthy object, to be sure, but why go about it in such an indirect way? The way to employ is to employ. If it is really desired to employ the American workingman, why not devise some scheme that works?

The Political Machine

I AM the modern political machine. My business is to work night and day while others sleep. Men may come and men may go, but I throb on forever.

I standardize the spirit of graft. Also I bring to a dead level the average man. It is my business to keep decent people out of politics by making politics impossible for decent people.

I celebrate myself because I am the supreme success of the century.

Millions are working to maintain me, day and night. The poverty stricken mother who tramps back and forth daily with her pail of coal, and also the tired business man who prefers to go to the comic opera in the evening rather than to attend a caucus, where his presence is not desirable: all these are my minions.

I regulate the tariff and the banks. And the moral sense of the community is based upon the sum total of all the politics that I turn out.

Everybody despises me and fears me and tolerates me.

I am the only patriotic American.

MANAGER: Are you good at collecting money?

APPLICANT: Couldn't be better if I were a college president.



SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL PORTRAITS OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH GOING HOME ON ELECTION EVE

The Call

BUT yesterday 'twas Autumn here;
The city streets seemed chill and bare;
The sadness of the dying year
Hung drearily upon the air.

But now, my vagrant fancies stray,
Where golden rod and sumach grow;
I dream of crimson fields and gray—
Forgotten Summer's afterglow.

Wouldst know the sign that bids me heed,
Amid the city's din and shout,
That Indian summer's here, indeed?

* * * * *
The Christmas magazines are out.
Deems Taylor.

A Glorious Triumph

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is published by mistake. It should not have appeared until next week.)

WE congratulate the people of the United States upon the outcome of the election. It is a glorious and glittering triumph for everything that anybody has been standing for: a stern, sharp and stinging rebuke for everything that anybody has been standing against.

It has been a hard struggle, but easily worth all it cost. Already the night of uncertainty and corruption is scattering before the dawn of righteousness and universal regeneration. Politicians, grafters, criminals and all

the rest, have been purged of their sins and have set their faces toward the new goal of social uprightness and upliftness. The idle rich are advertising for positions—the unemployed poor have found jobs. The laboring classes are realizing their selfishness and are looking around for ways to share their earnings with their employers, while the employers are refusing to accept these sacrifices, and are insisting on a general raise in wages.

The people confronted themselves with mighty questions of far-reaching importance. The people have met these questions and replied to themselves in no uncertain terms. Thus does progress persevere in planting pillars of pragmatism upon the outposts of posterity.

Sanctum Talks



"HELLO, LIFE."

"Why, hello, Mr. Mellen. What accident landed you here?"

"No accident, LIFE, I assure you, but the regular thing with me. I just dropped in to talk over things and get your advice. You know I'm a business man."

"Yes, Mr. Mellen, so I've heard."

"Well, then, what I want to know is if you think it will pay me to improve my road any more."

"Good gracious! No! Mr. Mellen. Isn't your road improved enough already? Don't you run real wooden parlor cars on it? They must be twenty years old, or more, but still—"

"Now, LIFE, you misunderstand me. I don't refer to improvements like that: but I mean real, genuine luxuries, instead of spending my money buying up more legislatures or trolleys."

"For instance, Mr. Mellen?"

"Well, if you were in my place, would you provide seats in front of the bulletin boards of incoming trains so that people who are waiting for their friends will have a place to rest when they learn that those friends have been burned up or crippled, as the case may be?"

"That might be a good idea."

"Would you have a staff of doctors and special ambulances at the station so that our passengers when they are run over and mangled can be treated, or is this too much?"

"Rather too much."

"Well, would you do this? Would you spend money on trestles, real steel cars and safer cross-overs, and on such a system that people who are forced to use my road will have a reasonable certainty of escaping alive in case of accident?"

"Do you want my candid opinion, Mr. Mellen?"

"Certainly."

"Then I wouldn't do it. I'd keep right on just as you are doing now—insulting as many passengers per diem as is necessary, disregarding the rights of others, blaming all accidents upon underpaid employees and doing as you d—n please."

"But why, LIFE?"

"Well, Mr. Mellen, because your reputation for generosity and courtesy and humanity is already so firmly established in the hearts of all concerned that it would be a waste of time and an injustice to your stockholders to spend a lot of money in such a recklessly superfluous manner. Don't do it, Mr. Mellen—it won't pay."

"I won't. I'll be firm for once. Thanks, LIFE. Good morning."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Mellen. Au revoir!"

Already Supplied

"THEY talk of introducing a voting machine for use in future city elections."

"A voting machine? What's the matter with Tammany Hall?"

If

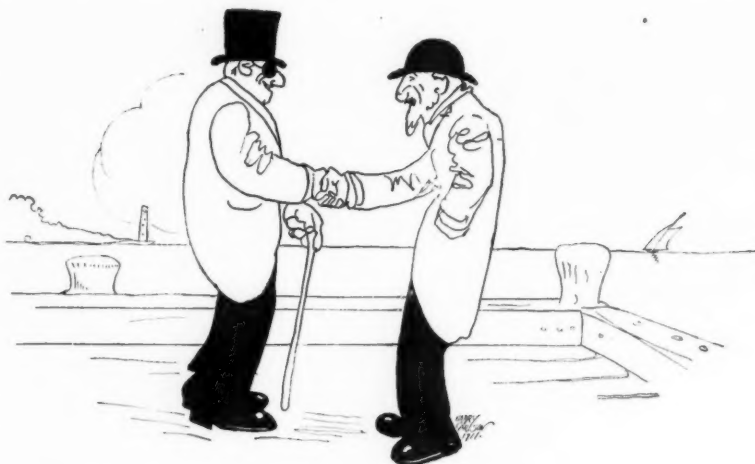
If you were but a Climber
And I a Suffragette;
We'd cut up lots of capers,
And get in all the papers;
We'd rise to heights sublimer
Than any mounted yet,
If you were but a Climber,
And I a Suffragette!

If you were but a Humbug,
And I were but a Fake;
We'd give expensive lectures,
Divulge occult conjectures;
Elucidating some bug
To make the Public wake;
If you were but a Humbug,
And I were but a Fake.

If you were Mona Lisa,
And I the Missing Link;
We'd be discovered duly,
And verified most truly;
And then some highbrow geezer
Would write us up in ink;
If you were Mona Lisa
And I the Missing Link!

If you were Mr. Roosevelt,
And I were Mr. Taft;
We'd meet with fond embraces
And smiles upon our faces;
Ignoring how our foes felt,
Or how the papers chaffed;
If you were Mr. Roosevelt,
And I were Mr. Taft.

Carolyn Wells.



The Blind One: HELLO, JAKE! YOU'RE FEELING WELL, HOW DO YOU LOOK?



" HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT—HE LOVES ME—ER DON'T TEAR YOUR COAT, MR. SCOOTER "

Bulls and Bears

MUCH to the surprise of everyone, the stock market opened at the regular time last Monday. When the gong sounded the chief Bull and the chief Bear jumped lightly into the center of the ring. Lamb was referee. Bull lead off with a right-arm jab. Stocks went up. Bear came back with an upper cut. Stocks went down. They clinched. The market was weak. The referee declared a foul. All the stocks were put back where they were before. At the end of the fifth round the referee declared another foul. Then both Bull and Bear turned upon Lamb and chased him out into the street. Stocks laughed.

On Wednesday stocks received word that Mr. Morgan's transferring his art treasures to this country was a political blunder. This was the most disquieting news that had reached the street in a fortnight. Efforts were made to get into communication with Mr. Morgan, but as he was at that moment cruising upon an inaccessible part of the Nile, stocks decided to go down merely as a precaution. Several of the more respectable brokers looked on in wonderment. They said they had never seen stocks so peevish before.

Just then a report came in that 1914 wheat looked very good. This was encouraging and would have had a pronounced effect upon the market, but the head statistician showed that the fact had been duly discounted in 1907 or thereabouts.

To relieve the tension, the orchestra struck up "Alex-



THE RENEGADE



"YOU'RE LOOKING VERY SLENDER AND GIRLISH TO-NIGHT, MATER. EXPECTING ONE OF YOUR OLD FLAMES TO DINNER?"

"NO—ONE OF YOUR father's."

ander's Rag Time Band." This gave a decided impetus to the game. New York Central Common did the Turkey Trot with Missouri Pacific First Mortgage Bonds. Steel Preferred did the Bear Hug with American Can Can. Amalgamated did the Boston Dip with Union Pacific. Reading did the Gaby Glide with Western Union. It was a pleasant occasion. Up and down went these stocks with a regularity which some of the oldest habitués of the street say they have never known.

In spite of bad news from Afghanistan, this situation was well maintained until Saturday, when the Chief of Police arrived with the bank statement and put a stop to the whole business.

These Boys

HOWARD: Hasn't Bachelor waited rather long before choosing a wife?

COWARD: Bless you, no! He's only had a marrying income since he was sixty.

WILLIS: I see you have all the modern conveniences for women banking in this institution of yours.

GILLIS: Yes. Two of the highest paid gossips in the city are always in attendance.



REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 18—
THE BABY MEMBER ARRIVES

Places Not Down on the Map

LOVERS' LANE: This place has one marked peculiarity; although it is the most populous lane in the world, it never has any more than two people in it at any one time. It is very easily reached, having a wide entrance just off the main boulevard from Boyville and Girlville; but once in it, the way is quite troublesome, owing to the various paths that lead out of it; you can—if you are lucky, go straight along over the heights of matrimony to the end, or you may get lost in Divorce bog or Wrangle-town.

Sometimes a person doesn't discover Lovers' Lane until late in life; but this fact only makes him more enthusiastic about it.

A great many scientists and philosophers have tried to locate Lovers' Lane without success. Even when they have come upon it by chance they have not been able to survey it accurately.

Indeed, the moment you get into Lovers' Lane you are lost.

Thunderstorms happen there quite often, but when the sun shines and the birds begin to sing—well, there's no place like it!



His mother: HIRAM, AIN'T YOU 'SHAMED O' YOURSELF SETTIN' UP TILL HALF-PAST EIGHT PLAYIN' SOLITAIRE? WHAR YOU GET YOUR TASTE FOR GAMBLIN' I DON'T KNOW.



"LIFE'S" CANDIDATES

Cook and Peary Consent!

Life's Presidential Ticket Now in the Field—Intense Enthusiasm All Over the Country—Prediction of Greatest Landslide Ever Known

AFTER untold difficulties in securing the right men, LIFE now presents its Presidential ticket. The announcement comes in the nick of time. Above all things, we had to have men who could command the confidence of the country even more than the Bull Moose candidate.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that Dr. Frederick Cook, one-time discoverer of the North Pole, could be persuaded to run.

"I have suffered enough," was all he would say at first. We then appealed to the Standard Oil Company, the Steel and Tobacco Trust and other well-known philanthropic institutions; and after representing eloquently to them our candidate's qualifications, succeeded in getting a million to begin on.

Dr. Cook, with tears in his eyes, then gave his consent. But he made one condition:

"Commodore Peary must run with me," he said firmly. "We must have one gentleman on the ticket."

"You refer to him?"

"Oh, no; to myself."

Commodore Peary, when invited to go on the ticket, at first refused.

"I am awfully fond of Dr. Cook," he said, "because he did so much to advertise me; and I would do a good deal for him; but I hate to have anybody else get the credit."

We then explained to him about our wonderful campaign contributions, and after looking them over, he also consented.

"If anybody should ask you afterwards where we got the money tell 'em," he said, as he filled his suit case with thousand-dollar bills, "that I refused, with tears in my eyes, to take a red cent; and that, in accepting the nomination, I am actuated only by a lofty sense of my country's welfare."

The moment the news went over the wires that LIFE's candidates were in the field the effect was evident. Wall Street responded immediately, and reports from all over the country show

that Prosperity is now in the air. Dr. Cook, in his speech of acceptance, spoke (in part) as follows:

"If elected I shall at once reduce the cost of living everywhere, abolish child labor and the Supreme Court, do away with the Senate and provide offices for all ladies who have voted for me. I will also take over all South American Republics, declare war against England and Germany and provide free meal tickets at all the first-class hotels in New York for every friend of the administration. The people must rule. In case anyone wants anything now is the time to ask for it, and I will put it in the platform. By the way, I think we'd better double the pension list. Every old soldier should ride in a limousine."

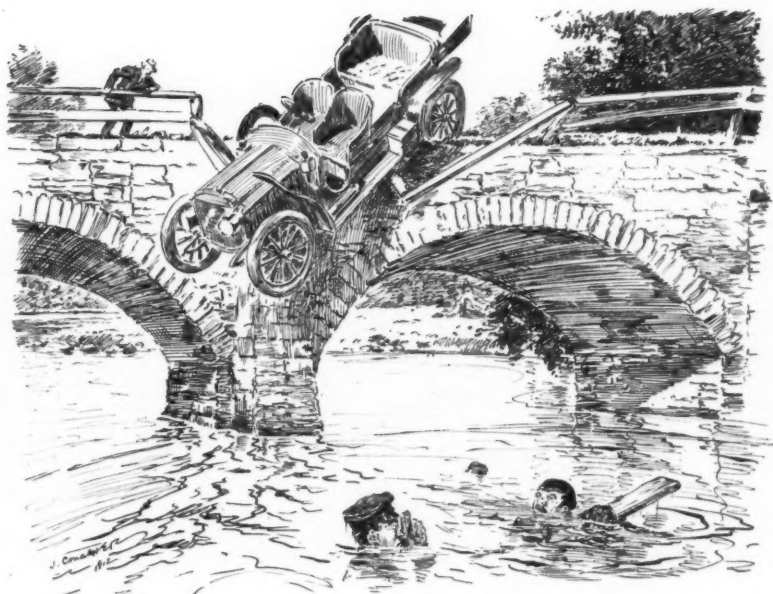
Commodore Peary was equally emphatic.

"The blubber industry must be protected," he said, "otherwise, me for free trade."

The news that a new party has been formed, with Messrs. Cook and Peary



"The White House was closely guarded by New England representatives of the Woolen Trust."



Week-End Guest: YOU BUBBLE—BUBBLE—ASTED FOOL! DO YOU CALL THIS TAKING ME STRAIGHT HOME?

Imperturbable Chauffeur: YES, SIR. RIVER FLOWS RIGHT BY THE HOUSE, SIR.

at its head, reached Washington at midnight, where President Taft happened to be sleeping. The White House was closely guarded by New England representatives of the Woolen Trust, but they finally consented to let the President talk. He said:

"All hope is now lost. I am out of politics for good. Dr. Cook, of course, outprogresses anything already in the field; besides, the American people have confidence in Cook and Peary. Nothing remains for me but to become the traveling salesman for some New England mill."

After consulting with our candidates we have decided to accept no contribution of less than \$9999.99. Any corner grocery store will take your contribution. A beautiful hand-painted receipt, embossed with a picture of Dr. Cook discovering the North Pole and Commodore Peary just coming over the horizon, will be sent to every subscriber. In forwarding your subscription please state:

How much you would like your taxes reduced.

If married, whether you would like your next child to be a boy or a girl.

If not entirely satisfied with your income, state how much you would like to have it increased.

What position you would like under the Government. If Foreign Minister, please give a choice of two countries.

Reports from everywhere indicate at present writing the sure election of LIFE's candidates. A prominent politician who is in a position to know, said yesterday:

"Cook will get it. He promises more than any other candidate—that is the test. Besides, we need a man like Commodore Peary to lead Washington society."

Politics in the Zoo

ZOO SUPERINTENDENT: What was all the rumpus out here this morning?

ATTENDANT: The bull moose and the elephant were fighting over their feed.

"What happened?"

"The donkey ate it."

CUSTOM House Inspectors rush in where e'en reporters fear to tread.

Lamentations!

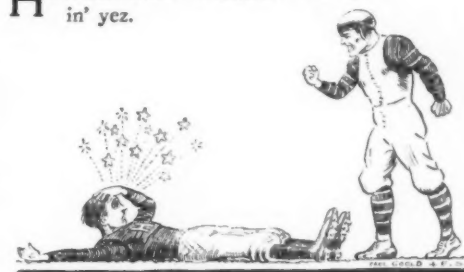
MANY of our readers may have noticed that the last number of LIFE, widely advertised as a Bull Moose Number, lacked that completeness and finality that any one might have been led to expect from the subject. Of course, it was due to the accident to the Colonel. We rejoice that he is all right again, but alas! things will never be the same with us. That Bull Moose Number of LIFE was hurt much more than Mr. Roosevelt.

Eighty-four thousand copies had been printed when the tragic news came from Milwaukee.

Those eighty-four thousand copies of the real Bull Moose Number were destroyed. After the paper had been running on the presses for two days and nights, a new paper was substituted—with the exception of the colored cover, which could not be changed—and the Bull Moose Number, as our readers actually saw it, came out on time! This is a typographical triumph which will be appreciated by all who understand the problems of printing.

As for the things that the original Bull Moose Number contained—well, the world will never know what it missed!

HOUSEHOLD WORDS: I'm lay-in' yez.



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING

CAMBRIDGE EXTENDED AND ASTRONOMICAL SIGNS AFTER A SLUG



THE CRUEL ARCHER

On Life's Wire

"HELLO, is that LIFE?"

"Yes, this is LIFE."

"This is the G. O. P. speaking."

"Oh, hello. Glad to hear your voice. We were commencing to worry about you. How are you feeling?"

"Pretty poorly."

"No better?"

"Very little. It has been a terribly hard summer on me."

"What do the doctors seem to think about your case?"

"Oh, LIFE, you know the doctors. They differ as usual. Some think it's rigor mortis of the graft processes. Some think it's acute indigestion of the tariff. Some think it's torpidity of the trust question."

"Mercy, it's more serious than we thought."

"I knew you weren't cognizant of the extent of the trouble, LIFE. It's really terrible. Why, do you know, one doctor even declares I am suffering from senile decrepitude."

"No. Surely it can't be so bad as that. Let's see. You are only in your fifties."

"I know it, but I've lived pretty high. You know even the strongest of constitutions will break down if it is not used properly."

"That's true. What are you doing for it?"

"That's just it, LIFE. I don't know what to do. The doctors have ordered a change of climate and so I shall have to move away from Washington for a while. I must have a complete rest, with no responsibilities. And then I may have to undergo several operations. My lobby will have to be cut out and several of my affiliations may have to be removed. But I haven't told you the worst."

"Is there something worse?"

"Yes, my soul."

"Your soul?"

"Yes, they say that lest I be born again I cannot enter the kingdom of Washington."

"Goodness, that complicates the case very materially."

"It certainly does."

"Too bad, old man. Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Not yet, LIFE. I just called up to warn you against



AND THE

jumping to conclusions. Sit steady and I think I'll pull out all right."

"That's the way to talk."

"And, above all, LIFE, don't publish my obituary until you actually have to."

"Oh, no, we wouldn't do that."

"Thank you, LIFE. Such sympathy in my hour of tribulation touches me deeply. Good-by."

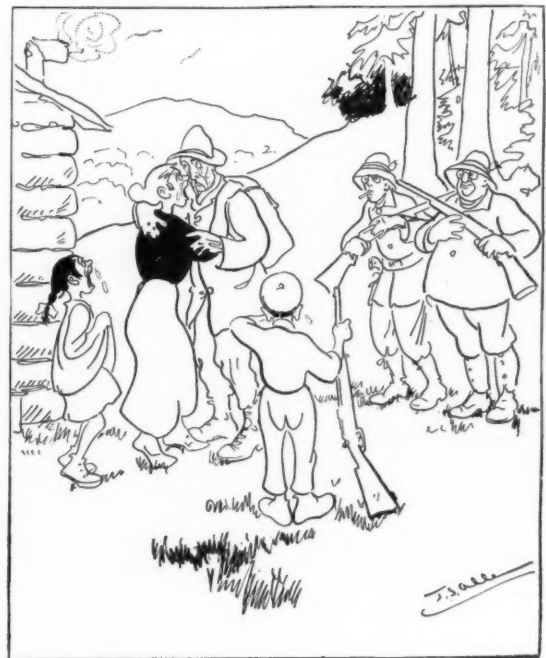
"Good-by."

E. O. J.

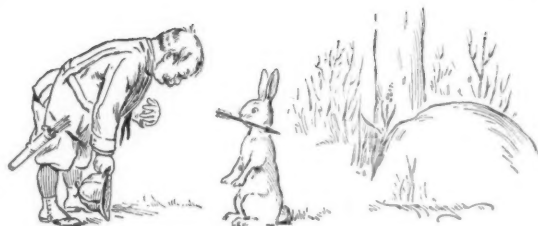
Its Beginning?

THE building of the Tower of Babel was progressing nicely when suddenly someone asked: "How are we going to solve the Trust question?"

Thence arose such a confusion of tongues that no one has been able to understand anyone else ever since.



ADIRONDACK GUIDE BIDDING HIS FAMILY ADIEU



FORGIVING HARE

Can We Stand It?

LIFE dislikes to throw cold water upon a joyous and festive campaign, but aren't the candidates, in an excess of zeal, promising us too much? We have read all the platforms and speeches of acceptance carefully and it is clear that no matter how the thing goes, the United States is about to have the most monumental visitation of prosperity that ever swooped down upon a sincere and earnest nation.

Can we stand it? Are we equal to such an invasion of affluence? Isn't it likely to make us reckless and haughty and too proud to work? Aren't we likely to eat too much

and sleep too much and grow fat, lazy, gouty and good-for-nothing? Wouldn't it be a good idea to revise those platforms? Let them promise to give only so much prosperity as we are able to assimilate and negotiate.

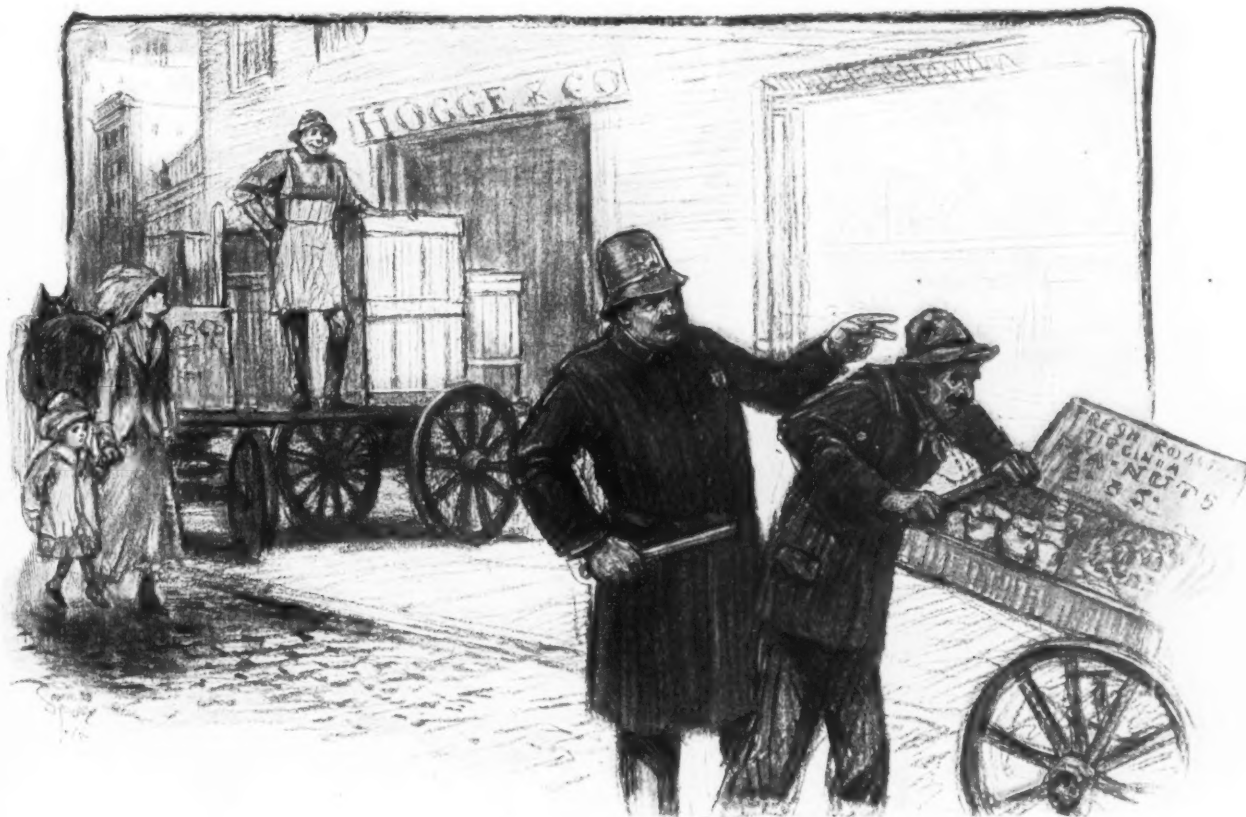
Big Feet

THAT the feet of women in New York are growing larger has recently been demonstrated by the department store orders for larger stockings.

Mrs. A. A. Berney, president of the local Mothers' Congress in Washington, thinks this is a good sign, and that the tiny footed, delicate limbed creature of the past is to be superseded by the broad footed lady of the future.

Well, well! this is interesting; but is it conclusive? For several years now New York has been constantly growing larger. Any person who lives in New York has to have the experience and agility of a Rocky Mountain goat. The chances are that this sort of exercise has had its effect upon the feet.

We should be very much more encouraged if there were some way to develop the other end of our New York women. If their brains could only grow in proportion to their feet!



ARE ALL MEN EQUAL IN THE EYES OF THE LAW?



Remarkable Achievement in Dramatization



"**L**ITTLE Women" is perfectly silly. Who in this era wants to see the really truly life of a family of nice, human New England girls, with their little loves and ambitions and trials and triumphs, no matter how artistically and feelingly portrayed? No indeed. We're too far advanced and progressive for such natural, homely and American things. Give us the "Katzenjammer Kids," "Mutt and Jeff," "Three Weeks," rag-time, turkey-trotting, bull-moosing, hobble-skirting and joy-riding, but don't bore us with anything tainted with gentle wholesomeness or genuine sentiment. "Little Women" was all right for family reading when parents weren't busy in the rush of getting rich quick, suffragetting and social climbing. To-day adults and youngsters of both sexes want something with more stimulus for the nerve centres and less demand on thought and imagination.

Nevertheless there seems even to-day to be a public for "Little Women" condensed into a couple of hours of stage diversion. This is high testimony to the elementary and universal human qualities of Miss Alcott's simple picturing. To those who treasured mental acquaintance with the beloved Meg, Jo, Amy and Beth of the book it was at first something of a shock and disillusionment to see them transformed into the coarser material of flesh and blood and costume on the stage. Done less simply, sincerely and even reverently, the theatrical rendering might have inspired a feeling of resentment and repulsion in the breasts of those who cherished the impressions gained by early reading of "Little Women." As the play went on the feeling of artificiality wore off and even the most skeptical were forced to recognize that adapter, producer and impersonators had combined most remarkably in turning word drawings into living, breathing and talking humans. Even Jo, who, as depicted by Marie Pavay, threatened at first to be a grotesque and ludicrous caricature, soon grew into the picture and became only mildly exaggerative of the Jo of the book and our fancy. Alice Brady's Meg was as adorable as the original, Gladys Hulette kept the pathos of Beth from becoming stage bathos and Beverly West resisted thoroughly the low comedy possibilities of Amy. The other familiar characters, who in the play as in the book furnish a background for the four heroines, were admirably reproduced. Marian Deforest, who wrote the stage version, and Jessie Bonstelle, who produced it, are deserving of high praise for the perfection with which they have preserved the spirit of the original. Not the least of their accomplishments is their resisting the natural temptation to turn the death of Beth into another *Little Eva* episode in the way of harrowing the mourners. Mr. Brady is also to be commended for the faithfulness of the stage settings, which do much in providing atmosphere for the play.

If this dramatization brings Miss Alcott's book more forcibly to the notice of the coming generation it will have served a most laudable purpose. And the passing generation which knew and loved the book in their youth can see the play of "Little Women" with enjoyment and without fear of destroying their precious memories.

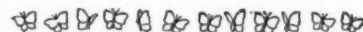


THERE was no need either for advertising or other purposes to make a hurrah about inviting a special audience to witness the first performance of "The New Sin," by Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings. The play is perfectly able to stand or fall by its own merits or demerits. It is what it is and the paying public is going to judge for itself whether it likes it or not, no matter what may be the opinion of an audience which accepted free tickets from the management.

There is bound to be a wide difference of opinion because it is a play of conflicting values. Those who don't like talk may be attracted by its melodramatic features and the dramatic interest of its story. The more thoughtful may be interested in the cleverness with which its unconventional theories are advanced. It is a novel arrangement for the stage in more ways than its unusual feature of having not a woman in the cast. On this last account it is not likely to be at all popular with the tired business man, whose theatrical solace is the girl-and-music show.

There is certainly a difference of opinion as to just what sin the author meant to point out as the new sin mentioned in the title. His improvised commandment, "Thou shalt not starve"—with the implication that any way to keep from breaking it is justifiable—seems to give a hint, particularly as one method of avoiding that sin is for the man of genius or the man with a mission not to let his productive powers be weakened by the obligation to help the less fortunate members of his own family. The play seems also to restate the proposition "God gave us our relations, but, thank God, we can pick our friends."

Another sin pointed out is the injustice that can be done by a bad will and it is this that furnishes the basis of the plot. Incidentally the author takes a shy at the English custom of shop keepers boarding and lodging their help. As this custom is practically unknown here, and is made an element of some importance in the play, it is not likely to add to the interest of American audiences. But "The New Sin" is well acted by its English company, most of whom manage to get their lines over without a too pronouncedly foreign accent; it tells a pretty strong story and has considerable humor. Therefore it may secure a public in spite of the impression its managers tried to convey that it was too good for the average American audience.



"**F**OLLIES" is not a misnomer for the entertainment Mr. Ziegfeld provides at the Moulin Rouge. It would be difficult to imagine anything more devoid of the least suspicion of wisdom, using that word in its least ponderous sense. It doesn't make even the usual girl-and-music show pretense of having a plot. It is simply a succession of songs, dancing, posing and nonsense without a connecting thread. Its main staple is girls, really very tastefully grouped and dressed or undressed. It also has the inimitable Mr. Bert Williams,

but unfortunately gives him very limited opportunities for his distinguished colored humor. It also has quite the funniest cab-horse ever seen on the stage or anywhere else. The humans who supply his legs and manage the rest of his anatomy are real equine comedians.

Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" should bring immediate rest to the most tired tired-business-man. *Metcalfe.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

Astor.—"The Woman-Haters." Girl-and-music show, well done and rather more tuneful and humorous than usual.

Belasco.—"The Case of Becky," with Frances Starr. Very interesting, but rather clinical demonstration of the effect of hypnotism on a case of dual personality.

Broadway.—Last week of "Hanky Panky." Girl-and-music show.

Casino.—"The Merry Countess." Well presented modern version of Strauss's "Fledermaus."

Century.—"The Daughter of Heaven." Elaborate and brilliant spectacular production of not important Chinese drama.

Cohan's.—"Broadway Jones." Well-acted and laughable American farcical comedy.

Comedy.—"Fanny's First Play." Mr. G. B. Shaw's latest satire. Clever and well done.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." Powerful and very well-acted melodrama dealing with police methods.

Empire.—"The Perplexed Husband." Suffragism made funny in witty English comedy, well acted by Mr. John Drew and excellent company.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Little Miss Brown." Farcical and laughable aspects of hotel life.

Fulton.—"The Fight," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Notice later.

Gaiety.—Last week of "Officer 666." Farcical aspects of New York's police methods.

Garrick.—Mr. John Mason in "The Attack." The life story of a French politician in well acted but uneventful drama.

Globe.—"The Lady of the Slipper," with Elsie Janis and Montgomery and Stone. Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags." Elaborate and attractive stage pictures of foreign scenes.

Hudson.—Helen Ware in "Trial Marriage."

Knickerbocker.—"Oh! Oh! Delphine." Very French but well presented musical piece.

Little.—"The Affairs of Anatol." Episodes in the experience of a lover, amusingly portrayed.

Lyceum.—Miss Billie Burke in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Life in London's musical comedy world. Fairly interesting and well-acted play.

Lyric.—Last week of "The Master of the House." A husband's infidelity, repentance, and forgiveness set to tearful accompaniment.

Marine Elliott's.—"Ready Money." Business with counterfeit money as a basis of credit. Laughable.

Park.—Last fortnight of "My Best Girl." Light girl-and-music show.

Playhouse.—"Little Women." See opposite.

Republic.—"The Governor's Lady." Emma Dunn's good acting in American drama of domestic infidelity, with Belasco staging.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Blindness of Virtue."

Wallack's.—"The New Sin." See opposite.

Weber's.—"A Scrape o' the Pen," by the author of "Buntv Pulls the Strings." Laughable and apparently faithful depiction of Scotch rural types.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1912." Lots of girls, music, and ragtime.

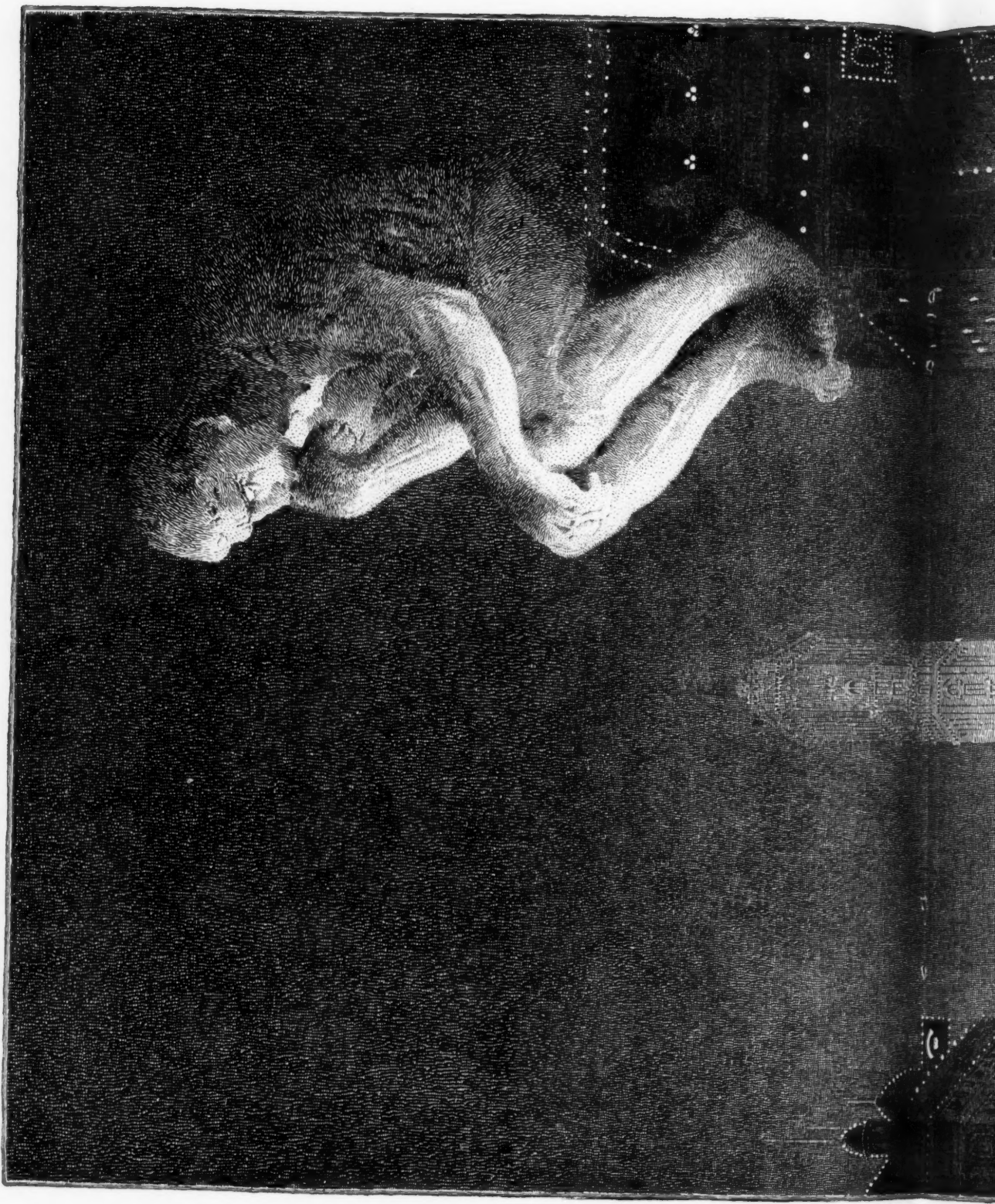


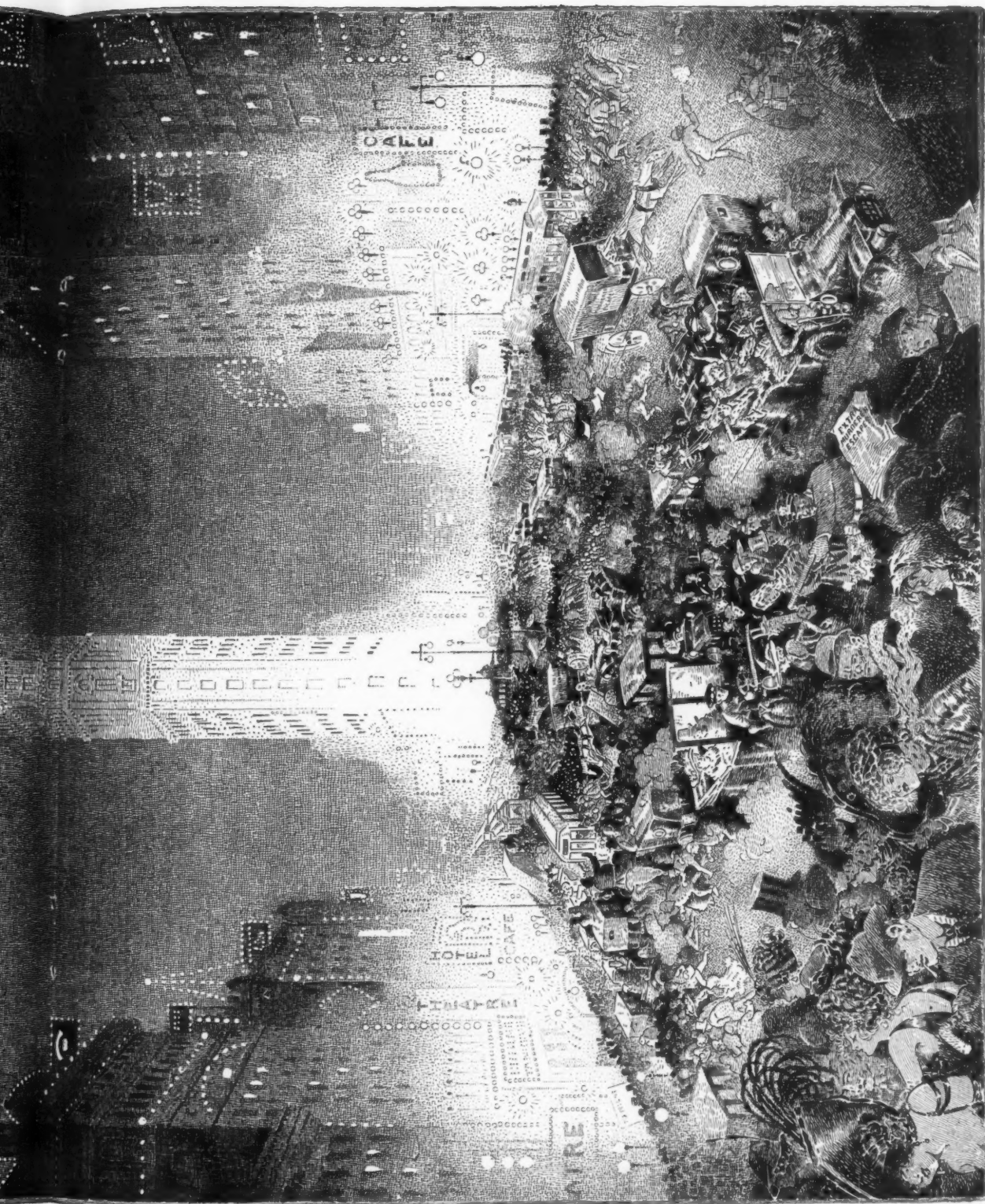
FOR PRESIDENT:
THEO. ROOSEVELT



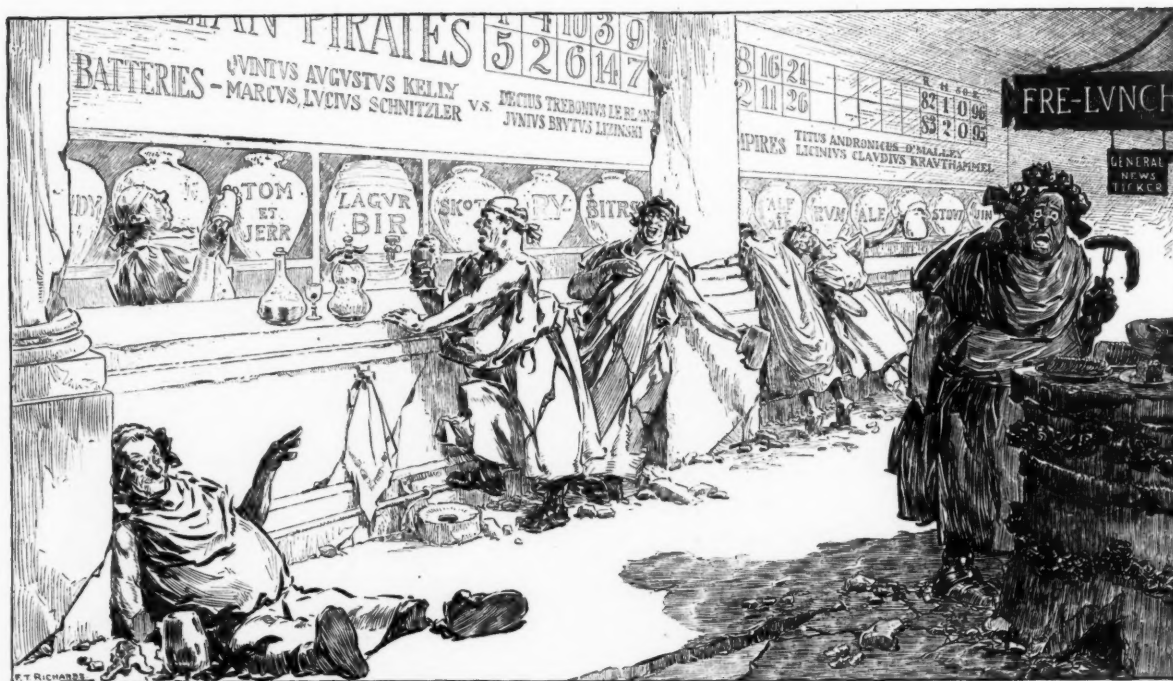
"Oh, Igey, isn't it peautiful! It's like voting for von off our own beeble."

·LIFE·





Le Penseur
NEW YORK



PETRIFIED SPORTS RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT HERCULANEUM

L'Envoi

A WARM blush glowed on Nature's face;
To speed the Presidential race
Came voters to the polling place;
1 Swede, 5 Armenians, 8 Polaks.

Two hours since first crowed the cocks,
A mob, extending several blocks,
Pressed onward towards the ballot box—
26 Russian Jews, 34 Bulgarians, 67 Turks, 72 Bohemians.

The tolling church bells sounded twelve;
Relinquishing the smooth-worn helve
Came citizens who sewers delve—
92 Neapolitans, 104 Mohammedans, 266 Czechs.

The weary watchers saw the throng,
That after luncheon strolled along
In civic pride, a thousand strong,
304 Muscovites, 315 Sardinians, 426 Portuguese.

And when the vote was closed and done—
What wonder who it was that won?—
Came penitently, on the run,
3 repeaters, 5 naturalized Canadians, 14 Americans and
Holworthy Hall.

The Brain-Rackers

THE winners of the \$350 in prizes for the best answers to LIFE's Examination Papers will be announced in next week's issue, unless something unforeseen occurs.

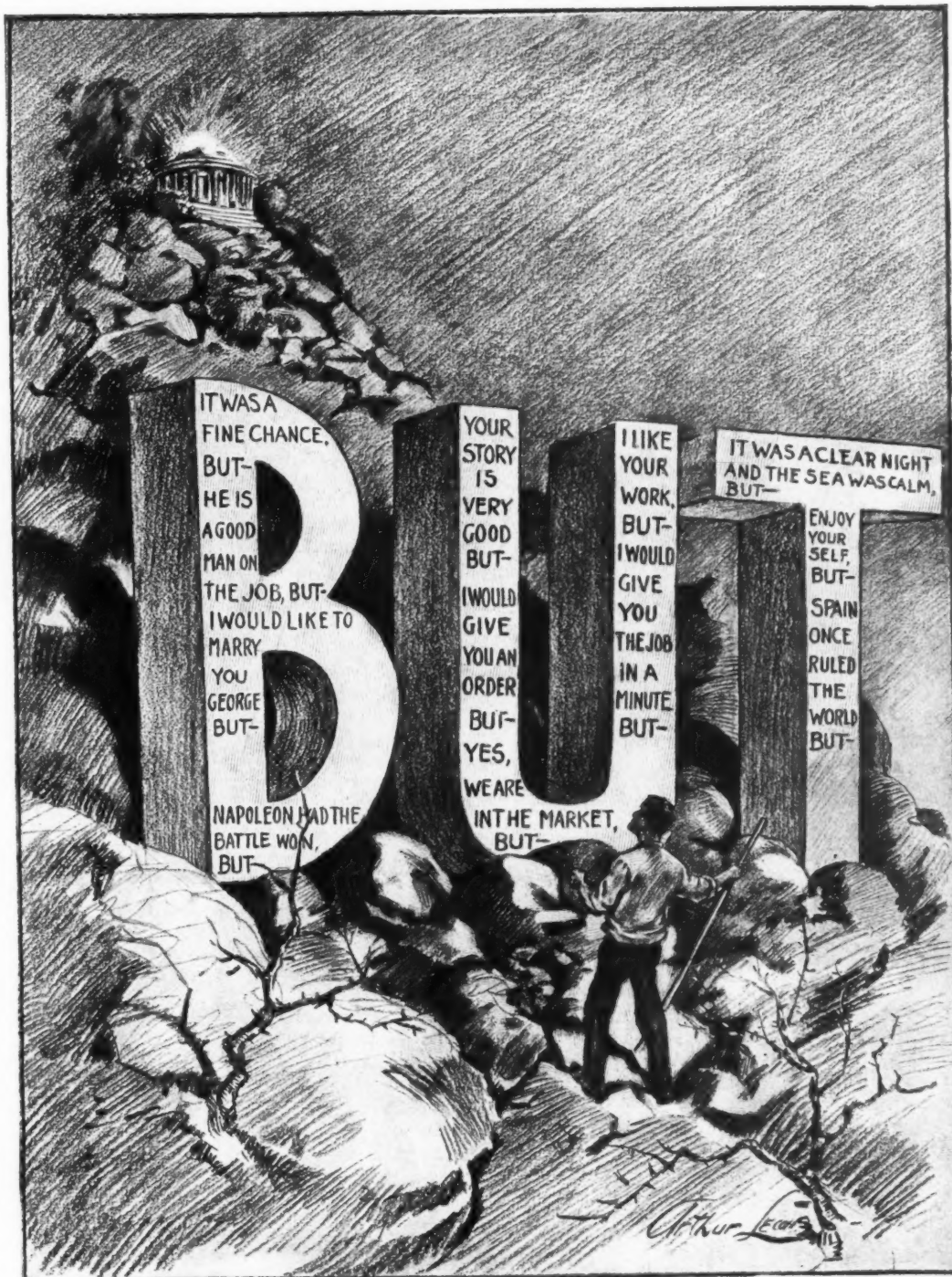
Making the decision involves the consideration of 58,550 separate answers, which, it will be admitted, is a task of no mean dimensions.

Meanwhile contestants are besought to possess their souls in patience, which is one of the greatest of the virtues.

They may, however, indulge freely in the joys of anticipation. They should not forget, however, that the joys of anticipation are frequently very much greater than those of realization.



THE WILL O' THE WISP



THE ETERNAL BARRIER



This picture has no title.

What Has Happened?

For the Best Title to This Picture Life Will Give One Hundred Dollars

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words. The paper upon which it is sent should contain nothing else except the name and address of the author in the upper left-hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Among titles of equal merit preference will be given to the shortest.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

The Contest Editor of LIFE,

17 West 31st St., New York.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

Preference will be given to a title not submitted by

several contestants, but in case more than one person submits the winning title the prize will be divided.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Monday, November 11. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from November 11 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of December 5—the Christmas Number.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.

To Skid Or Not To Skid



HEAVY CAR TYPE TOWN CAR TREAD NEW **FISK** TIRE

The Fisk Town Car Tread Tire is a positive non-skid tire, furnishing on wet pavements and slippery streets, the protection for which every motorist is looking.

Substantial and effective in appearance, this tire combines the

strength, the quality and the exclusive features that are found always in the famous **Heavy Car Type Construction**—the construction that has earned for Fisk Tires their reputation for exceptional mileage and long service.

Write for Particulars of This New Tire

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY
OF N. Y.

Department S

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.



Intimate Interviews



"It isn't the money; it's the habit of getting it."

John D. Rockefeller

SO many things have been said about Mr. Rockefeller that are not true, and so many true things have been said that are not recognized as being true, that we felt an added responsibility upon our shoulders, as we jumped off the piazza of his country home and followed his spare figure over the golf links. It happened upon this particular day that he was alone and in rather a cheerful humor. So we sat down by the side of a running brook and whittled sticks and talked.

"Do you know, Mr. Rockefeller," we said, "sitting here as we are now, it doesn't seem to be possible that anybody could think that you are really the meanest man in America?"

"Well, I don't know," said John D. "No man can get together as much money as I have without making enemies. After all, what does it matter? I have a pretty good time."

We looked at him curiously.

"Don't you hate, even now," we said, "to part with any money? Of course, we can only judge you from what we see about you; but you have the small, mean eyes of a miser, and the sharp, cunning look of a fox; and we don't suppose you can help it."

John D. bowed pleasantly to a couple of young ladies who were passing. His face lighted up with a gentle smile.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "But to be honest with you—I do hate to part with money even now. You see I have been at it so long. It isn't the money; it's the habit of getting it. Then, again, there's the responsibility about giving it up. You never know how it's going to turn out."

"But don't you think there are other things in life besides money?"

"Sure. There's the Baptist Church."

"Well," we said, "what interests us is the astonishing fact that people should think you are of some consequence."

"I know it," said John D., "I've often thought of that myself. As a matter of fact, I'm a perfectly simple individual. I started out with the idea of accumulating money and doing nothing else, and I've succeeded."

"But we have heard stories, false, of course, of two or three little transactions, perhaps trivial in themselves, in which you succeeded in doing certain widows out of their fortunes and certain other gentlemen out of their hard-earned wealth, thereby increasing your own accumulation. How do you feel about those little matters?"

"Nothing to regret," said John D. "It was predestined. It just was to be. I was only the humble instrument of Providence. And you know"—he smiled craftily—"Providence has been good to me!"

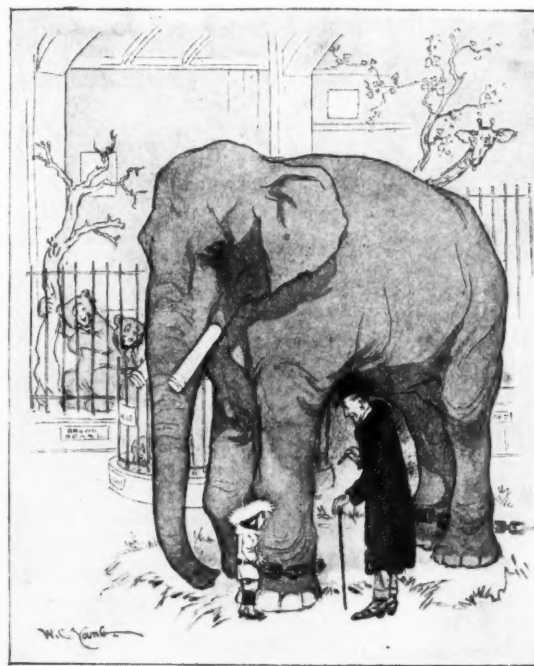
News

A RECENT court decision deals with surgical operations. After your doctor has cut you open and is rearranging your insides to suit his present mood, he may discover that the operation he thought was necessary is entirely different from what he had given you to understand. Being unconscious, you have no voice in the matter.

The court declares that when such a thing happens the surgeon can go ahead and operate in any new and unexpected manner he pleases, and that you must take the consequences.

WILLIS: How far do you live from New York?

GILLIS: About an hour's writhe in a suburban train



"PA, WHERE'S TH' EL'PHUNT?"

\$1475

Overland

\$1475

Completely Equipped

F. O. B. Toledo

MODEL 71 T

*Complete Electric
Lighting
Outfit, Generator
and Storage
Battery
Self-Starter
45-Horsepower
Q. D. Demountable
Rims and extra Rim
Timken Bearings
Center Control
Wheel Base 114
inches*

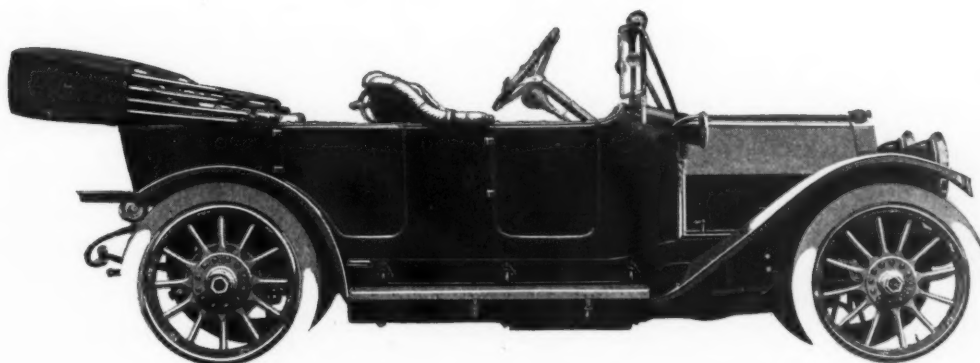
THE unusual equipment and important specifications of this car at this price can but only further impress upon you the economy of producing automobiles in great quantities. This car costs you 30% less than all similar competitive current values. An annual production of 40,000 cars is the sole reason.

Catalogue gratis. Address
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MODEL 71 T

*Brewster green
body, ivory striped,
nickel plated and
dead black trim-
ming
Warner Speedo-
meter
Mohair Top and
Boot
Clear Vision Wind
Shield
Prestolite Tank*

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio





Precision

The motto above the great editor's desk read: "Accuracy, Accuracy, Accuracy."

Therefore, the story turned in by the cub reporter contained this statement:

"Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"What means this fool statement?" asked the great editor, as he prepared to use the blue pencil.—*Literary Digest*.

Described

"What sort of chap is he?"

"Well, after a beggar has touched him for a dime he'll tell you he 'gave a little dinner to an acquaintance of his.'"

—*Lippincott's*.

THE wise postal authorities have set the date for the opening of the parcel-post just one week after the end of the Christmas rush.—*St. Louis Republic*.



"I'D LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY
SMASH MY NOSE!"

The Responses

Are you happy in the sun,
Dusty partridge?

There's the gun.

Are you happy in the brook,
Dace and gudgeon?

There's the hook.

Are you happy in the oats,
Nimble rabbit?

There are shoats.

Do you suffer any shocks,
Gawky gosling?

There's the fox.

Does your heart go pit-a-pat,
Gray-silk mousie?

There's the cat.

Is your breast as light as cork,
Dapper hedgebird?

There's the hawk.

Are you happy in God's plan,
Subtle woman?

There is man.

Did I hear you catch your breath,
Sinewy Cæsar?

There is death.

—*Norman Gale, in Westminster Gazette*.

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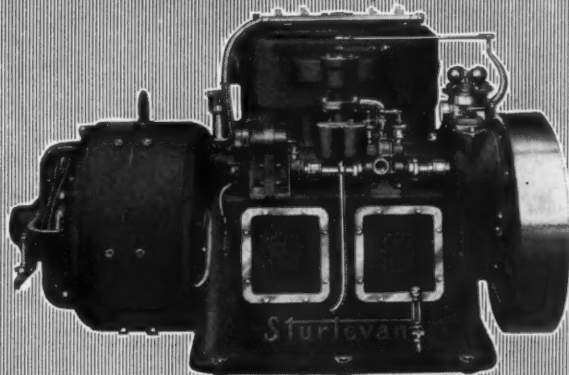
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Why the Bulldog?

"Waitah," said Colonel Clay, as he glanced around the dining room of the big hotel, "you all kin bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

"And what is that, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a big steak, a bulldog and a quart of Bourbon whisky."

"But why do you order a bulldog?" asked the waiter.

"To eat the steak, suh," replied the Colonel.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A Nasty Accident

Bennie, aged four, met Henry, aged five, and the following conversation ensued:

"Whatsamatter your head?"

"Bumped it ona ceiling."

"Ona stepladder?"

"No. I was playin' 'ith my papa ona floor an' I was sitting on his tummy."

"An' nen what?"

"Papa sneezed."—*London Opinion*.

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Talkers, Often

The men who say
Hard work is sweet,
Are those who live
On Easy street.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Preliminaries

"Can't you get any work?" asked a woman of a tramp who had applied at the back door for food.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "I was offered a steady job by the man who lives down the road in that big white house."

"That's Mr. Oatseed. What was the work?"

"He wanted me to get up at four in the morning, milk seventeen cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables and then chop wood until it was time to begin the day's work."

"What did he want to pay you?"

"I dunno, ma'am. I didn't stop to ask."—*Toledo Blade*.

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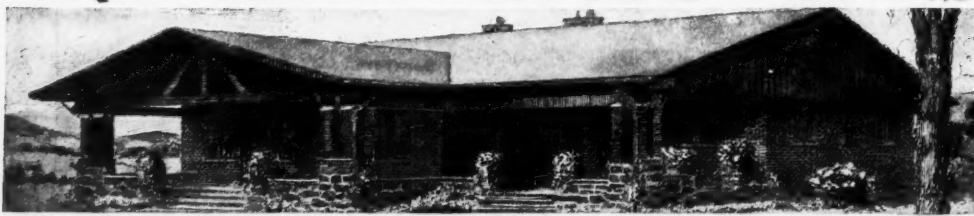
BLOBBS: How did you get along in Paris?

SLOBBS: Not very well.

BLOBBS: Don't you speak French?

SLOBBS: Only enough to make myself misunderstood.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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It's a Long Lane

They were telling stories of the late Andrew Lang in one of the clubs the other night. One man told of a dinner invitation given by Mr. Lang. He was staying in Marlowe's Road, Earl's Court, a street away at the end of that long Cromwell Road, which seems to go on forever. The guest was not very sure how to get there, so Lang explained.

"Walk right along Cromwell Road," he said, "till you drop dead, and my house is just opposite!"

—*London Answers*.



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The Outside Dog in the Fight

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,

Or of any dog that you please,
I go for the dog, the wise old dog,
That knowingly takes his ease.
And, wagging his tail outside the ring,
Keeping always his bone in sight,
Cares not a pin in his wise old head
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain, but a certain chance

To lose his own precious skin!
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
To see it in quite this light,
But when the fur flies I had rather be
The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs—most generous dogs,

Who think it is quite the thing
To take the part of the bottom dog,
And go yelping into the ring.

I care not a pin what the world may say
In regard to the wrong or right;

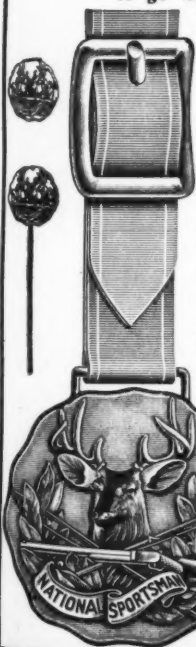
My money goes, as well as my song,
For the dog that keeps out of the fight!

—From "Parodies, by John Paul."
Reprinted through the courtesy of the
publishers, Messrs. G. W. Dillingham
& Co.

"I HAVE always been interested," said
little Jinks, "in the valuation of waste.
Now, where do you suppose all these
burst tires go to in the end?"

"I don't know," said the genial phi-
losopher, "but if they go where most
people consign 'em there must be a ter-
rible smell of rubber in the hereafter."
—Tit-Bits.

You like to HUNT and FISH, You like to go CAMPING,—

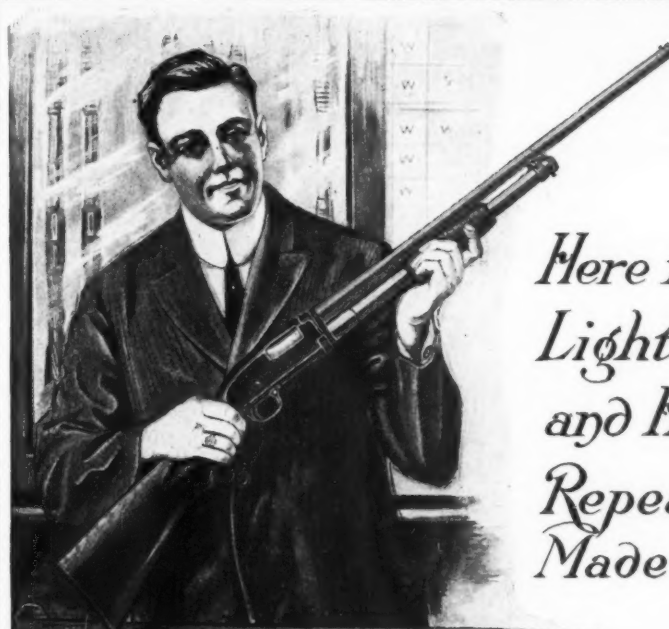


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Ask your dealer to show you one, or send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for handsome, illustrated circular describing it

A 20-GAUGE GUN FROM BUTT TO MUZZLE.

"Forty Days Rain After St. Swithin"

The tradition, it seems, took its origin from the following circumstances: Swithin, or Swithum, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 868, desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops. This request was complied with; but the monks, on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for the Saint to be in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to

have been done with solemn procession, on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently for forty days together at this season that the idea was abandoned.

A CUSTOMER in a butcher's shop stood gazing at some small alligators in an aquarium. Having turned the matter over in his mind, the customer approached the butcher and exclaimed, "I suppose a body might as well be dead as out of style. Give me a couple of pounds of alligator."—Argonaut.

MERCER

CLOSED CARS

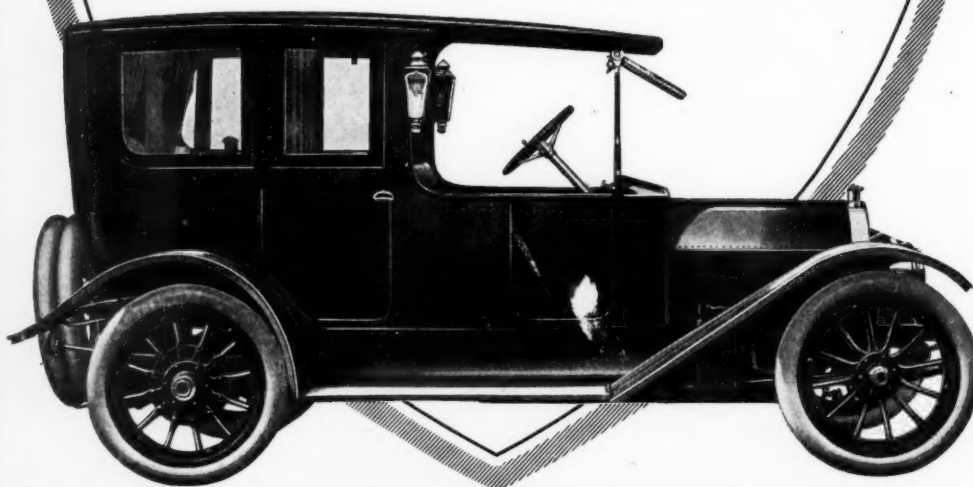
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Forest and Stream Pub. Co. . 125 Franklin St., N. Y.

Tact and Truth

Of the late Bishop Charles C. Grafton, a Fond du Lac man said: "Bishop Grafton was remarkable for the neatness and point of his pulpit utterances. Once, during a disastrous strike, a capitalist of Fond du Lac arose in a church meeting and asked leave to speak. The bishop gave him the floor, and the man delivered himself of a long panegyric upon captains of industry, upon the good they do by giving men work, by booming the

country, by reducing the cost of production, and so forth. When the capitalist had finished his self-praise and, flushed and satisfied, had sat down again, Bishop Grafton rose and said with quiet significance: 'Is there any other sinner who would like to say a word?'"—Argonaut.

HARDUPPE: That fellow Bjones must have money.

BORROWELL: So must I. Introduce me to him.—Philadelphia Record.



ALL HALLOWE'EN MAGIC

Charity

John Tatson, an Indian native of Lyme, Conn., being found dead on a winter's morning not far from a tavern, where he had been drinking freely of spirituous liquors the evening before, the Indians immediately assembled a jury of their own tribe, who, after examining the body of the defunct, unanimously agreed that "the said Tatson's death was occasioned by the freezing of the large quantity of water in his body that had been mixed with the rum he drank."

POPULAR EDUCATIONAL FOOD CAMPAIGN

YOU, like most people, are probably taking too much starchy food:—rice, bread, pastries, etc. Substitute plenty of lean tender meat, fowl, game, fish, curdled custard, green non-nourishing vegetables and juicy fruits in correct combination and quantities for your special needs for a few days or weeks, taking no starchy food, and you will be surprised at your gain—clearer eyes, stronger brain and a body more alert.



Tomatoes and Lemons are solvents; Green Vegetables are laxative, etc.

Abstinence from starchy foods creates a much bigger appetite for meat, fruit and vegetables. If you take correct quantities of digestible brainy foods, **YOU CAN INCREASE YOUR BRAIN POWER FOR ANY SPECIAL STRESS OF BRAIN WORK.**

If people suffering from a slight or severe complaint were to take nothing but grapes, pears or other juicy fruits for a day, or if possible for longer, they would find their pains and abnormal symptoms decrease. Any person unable to digest juicy fruits needs special dietary advice.

Correct Natural Foods Restore Health

I have produced in myself the symptoms of various diseases by eating *certain wrong foods*; or, in the case of some symptoms, by taking *certain right foods* in excess, and I have restored myself to normal health in a few days by correcting my diet.

The great benefits of a temporary non-starch diet for sufferers from nearly all classes of diseases are explained in a most interesting way in four booklets:—(1) **The New Brainy Diet System.** (2) **Diet vs. Drugs.** (3) **Effects of Foods.** (4) **Key to Longevity.** A correspondent writes:

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Send ten cents for these booklets. Send the addresses of interested friends to

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Not Ambiguous

It might appear from this resolution adopted by the Eclectic Medical Society of Missouri that the idea of a National Bureau of Health is not popular in that part of the country:

Whereas, A nation-wide attempt to compel the physical examination and medical treatment of all children of the public and parochial schools, with or without the consent of their parents, is being made at this time; and

Whereas, We believe such arbitrary acts are in violation of the rights both of the child and the parent, and against the principles of a Republican form of government,

Resolved, That we are forever opposed to compulsory physical examination as being a gross violation of the person and is equivalent to assault; and that compulsory medication is an unwarranted interference with personal liberty guaranteed by the Constitution, and that both are indignities to which no self-respecting, intelligent parent will submit;

Resolved, That we exert our influence in opposition to this twentieth century barbarism which a bigoted and dogmatic system of medicine is attempting to fasten upon the American people for its own pecuniary benefit, while with plausible arguments it would lead us to believe its sole object is the welfare of the human race.

Not Bigoted

Senator La Follette was talking about a political boss who seemed for all his boasts of clean-handedness to be a little soiled and spotted.

"He says he's an anti-corruptionist," remarked Senator La Follette, smiling, "but I suppose he means that he's not a bigoted anti-corruptionist."

"Not bigoted?" said the puzzled correspondent.



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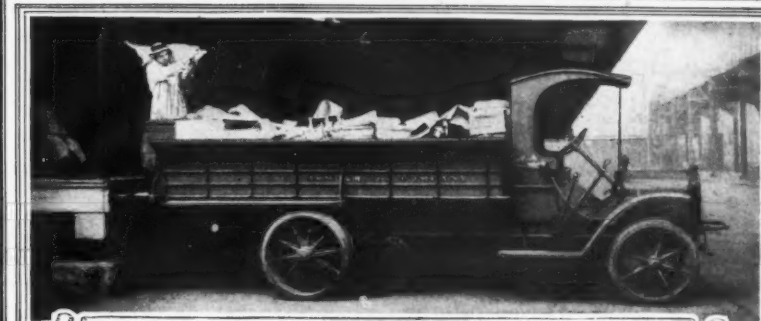
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Cleveland

"It's a little story," was the reply. "A drummer heard an eloquent temperance lecture one night in the town hall of Nola Chucky, and an hour later, at the Nola Chucky Hotel, the drummer saw this same identical temperance lecturer drinking, one after another, whiskies with beer chasers at the bar.

"Why, how's this?" the drummer exclaimed. "I thought you were a total abstainer!"

"So I am," the lecturer replied; "so I am, my young friend; but I ain't bigoted."—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Easy

A stranger came to Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, and told him that he could teach him how he might come at the knowledge of all plots or designs formed against his life. The King took him into his closet and asked him to disclose his invention; upon which the man said, "You have only to give me a talent in public as a recompense for having imparted to you such a secret, and it will make the world believe that you are actually possessed of it."

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With the approach of colder weather you are peculiarly liable to chill. This you can avoid by wearing JAEGER Pure Wool Underwear. We also make a specialty of Auto Coats, Rugs, Sweaters and Jackets, Mufflers, Woolen Caps, Hats and Hoods, also Foot Muffs, etc.

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A Lesson in Diplomacy

When the King of Prussia and the Emperor met at Neisse they once happened to come together to the bottom of a flight of stairs, and neither would go up first and take precedence of the other. They stood, and bowed, and scraped, and complimented, and each politely wished to give way to the other. At last the King of Prussia got behind the Emperor and pushed him forward.

"Ho! Ho!" said the Emperor. "If you begin to manoeuvre with me I must unavoidably go where you please!" and walked up first.

"ARE they fond of their New York home?"

"Oh, awfully fond. They spend their winters in Florida, their springs in Lakewood, their summers at Newport and their autumns at Lenox, but they are simply devoted to their New York home!"—*Chicago Mail.*

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

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by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

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Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
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Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
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All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Didn't Fear for Mamma

A Lakewood woman was recently reading to her little boy the story of a young lad whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to support himself and mother. When she had finished the story, she said:

"Dear Billy, if your papa were to die, would you work to support your dear mamma?"

"Naw!" said Billy, unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, dearie—but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Ain't there a lot o' stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"It'll last till you git another husband, won't it? You're a pretty good looker, ma!"

Mamma gave up, right there.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Winter Fashions Number of VOGUE

looks like this on the outside; you will see it on the next newsstand you pass.

Inside, it is filled to overflowing with beautiful gowns and wraps and accessories which represent the final Paris judgment on the Winter mode.

The experimental period of Autumn is over; these are the styles that have endured—the styles you need to know if you wish to secure distinction in your Winter dress.

Buy this number on the nearest newsstand; price 25 cents.



You May Have the Patterns for All These Robespierre Collars by Signing the Coupon

Here are five Robespierre collars. You have seen them on sale; you know that they cost from \$2.00 to \$5.00 apiece.

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To prove this to you and to prove the distinctive character of Vogue Patterns, Vogue will send you the patterns for all five of these collars free. Merely sign the coupon.

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The Forecast of Spring Fashions Number.
The Spring Pattern Number,
and five other fine numbers—all for \$2.00.
And you need send no money now.

No other coupon this year will bring you so much Vogue value for so little. Sign this one now.

Vogue, 443 4th Avenue, New York.
You may send me the five Robespierre patterns and the next ten numbers of Vogue, including the Winter Fashions Number. For these I will pay \$2.00 on request.

Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

The Country Press

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the country town press vied with the "Little Red Schoolhouse" for honors as the bulwark of our national liberty.

For years after the metropolitan press had been stung by the germ of commercialism and had left us for a handful of silver, we cherished the regaling hope that the little rural dailies and weeklies, somehow close to the rugged soil, retained vim, vigor and virility; that they were inspired by principles and sentiments bordering on nobility; that they were free from the devastating blight which placed the counting house above the editorial sanctum; that they could be relied on for a certain belligerency when the nation's welfare was threatened.

But, alas! If this was ever true, it is true no longer, except in the most isolated of instances. The average country paper shows not over one per cent. gray matter in the place where the gray matter ought to be. No liberty could ever be bulwarked with such insignificant opinions as they put forth.

Something should be done for these rusty craft, floating like rudderless derelicts on the seas of corruption. In political matters they are sitting on the curbstone waiting for the parade to come along, so they can get into the band wagon. Their meager income arises from legal advertising which nobody reads; from sympathetic corporations which no longer fear them; from



The Entree of Danger

The cars equipped with Weed Chains were traveling on the wet, slippery pavement with perfect traction and assured steering-steadiness, occasionally slowing up and stopping with unfailing brake control. No thought of danger was in the minds of the drivers. Everything was in harmony.

Suddenly there is a change.

Where perfect safety and order existed a moment before, now is peril and disorder. Out from the side street comes a car with chainless tires and with it enters danger for everyone in its path. The driver of this car, unwisely depending upon rubber alone, attempts to turn into the Avenue. In a flash the front tires slip out of control and then the rear tires skid. Momentum carries the uncontrollable car side ways and it narrowly misses colliding with the other cars that were stopped or steered aside by their drivers who realized that the skidding car was a menace to their safety.

The Traffic Policeman stationed at the crossing, swore under his breath and then shouted, "Hey there. Where are your chains? Those bare tires are endangering everyone on the street. Drive slow now to the curb and put on chains. It's lucky that no damage was done."

"The Rain of Terror"

is ancient history to motorists who belong to the "Army of Anti-Skidders." Rainy days with their accompanying wet, slippery pavements and muddy, treacherous roads are no longer a terror to motorists if they skid-proof their tires with

Weed ANTI-SKID Chains

On the rear tires they afford perfect traction and adequate brake control.

On the front tires they act as ladders to enable the front wheels to easily climb out of mud-ruts, car-tracks and all uneven places in the pavements or roads—always insuring absolute steering control—eliminating all chances of the dreaded front wheel skid.

Make sure that the element of safety is added to your pleasures of motoring. If you haven't a set of WEED CHAINS or if you have a pair for the rear tires only, get a full equipment now. Delay is dangerous. Stop in at your dealer's today and "WEED CHAIN YOUR CAR TO SAFETY."

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., 28 Moore St., New York



Don't Play With Clubs That Will Rust

They interfere with accurate playing and cost money to keep clean. Buy Monel Metal Clubs that cannot rust or corrode. Tough, strong, resilient and absolutely correct in weight, lie and loft. Cost nothing to keep clean, for they hold their original polish always.

Monel Metal Golf Clubs

(will not rust or corrode)

are not specially treated. They are made of a natural rust-resisting alloy that's strong as steel, but much more elastic. Because of these peculiar properties the ball leaves the club clean and with the right "feel." Shafts are thoroughly seasoned second-growth split Hickory with best quality calfskin grips. Used and endorsed by prominent exponents of the game everywhere.

Identify the original by the little winged ball. May be bought only of club professionals or direct from us. Prices: Heads, \$1.00; Clubs, \$2.25, complete.

THE BAYONNE CASTING CO., Bayonne, New Jersey
Manufacturers of the famous Monel Metal Propellers.



patent medicine mongers who have long since been shut out of more self-respecting columns, and from local merchants who dole out reduced advertisements in order to be rid of their pestiferous soliciting.

Can't some way be found to take these pristine tribunes out of the class of mere satellites, feebly "me-tooing" the city dailies, which are at least not brainless, however insincere they may be?

It is galling to confess to this

lamentable state of affairs, but there is consolation in the hope that they will be glad to know what's the matter with them.

E. O. J.

One Great Reason

"Opportunity really knocks at many a door."

"Then why don't more of us succeed better?"

"The trouble is that Opportunity wants us to go to work."

—Pittsburgh Post.

Wear glasses that are becoming to you

You should choose your glasses with as much care for their looks as you give to any other part of your attire. This choice is made easy by the good qualities and attractive appearance of



Fits-U Eyeglasses



Fits-U Eyeglasses are distinctly becoming, for they are carefully and tastefully designed and when correctly adjusted give an air of distinction to the wearer. Fits-U Eyeglasses, once on the nose, will neither fall off nor shake off. They will be found, any optician's. It is our pledge making eyeglasses and the various styles we make is interestingly told in a booklet which we send free on request. Send for it—the subject is one about which you should be fully informed.

Address Dept. E

American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world
New York Chicago San Francisco London

Little Things in Dress
Often count more than larger. Evening dress needs perfect studs to complete its effect.

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons
The kind that go in like a needle and hold like an anchor, without marring the stiffest shirt front, are not only the easiest to manipulate, but are always perfect in workmanship and correct in style.

No spiral springs, hollow tubes, hinge joints or loose parts to cause trouble.

Made in a large variety of patterns, from plain rolled gold plate to the finest quality mother-of-pearl, mounted in 14-K gold or platinum and set with precious stones.

Ask any up-to-date jeweler to show them, or write us for booklet showing many designs, also our gift sets.

KREMENTZ & CO.,
60 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.
Largest Manufacturers of High Class Jewelry in the World.

Aunts, Ancient and Modern

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,
Whose quaint familiar faces
Redeemed an age of chandelier,
Of lavender and laces—
Their daily role to knit and chat
On ottoman or settle,
Their properties a pampered cat,
A caddy and a kettle?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,
Whose charitable labors,
Whose coal and flannel made them dear
To impecunious neighbors;
Who breathed an air of Auld Lang Syne
And struck delicious poses
That went with elderberry wine
And dessicated roses?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,
The bane of little nephews
Who feared the ebon crutch, the queer
Appendage that the deaf use;
Small visitors who viewed askance
Their autocratic habits
And quailed before the lorgnette glance
Like paralytic rabbits?

Here where the groundsmen mow and delve
Till every lie is grassy,
You'll find the aunt of 1912
Most handy with her brassy;
Scorning the after-luncheon nap,
The mittened "far niente,"
She strives to bring her handicap
To something under twenty.

Here where the glittering snowcaps
shelve
And feathery flakes are swirling,
You'll find your aunt of 1912
Tobogganing and curling;
Ski-ing and skating with the best
In manner bright and hearty,
She adds inimitable zest
To any Alpine party.

Queen of the tourney, she applauds
Each feat of thew and tendon,
Heroic bouts at Queen's or Lord's,
At Ranelagh or Hendon;
Where airmen plane, where batsmen
plant
Their feet across the creases,
Young England greets the modern aunt
And disregards the nieces.
—J. M. S., in *Punch*.

BAKER: In five years you won't see a horse on the street.
WAYBURN: Yes; they would be safer on the sidewalks.—*The Causeur*.

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



STOCK REPORT

INTEREST HAD BECOME CENTERED ON THE CUTTING OF A LARGE MELON WHEN A SHARP BREAK IN COTTON OVERSHADOWED ALL OPENING FEATURES.

To After-Dinner Speakers

If you are enthusiastic and ambitious, why not begin in the following manner?

I shall detain you only—

As I look about me—

Before I begin my remarks I should like—

We are confronted by a great—

I had not intended this evening—

The past is behind us, but the great future—

The new generation is even now—

The vital problem of the day is—

It is possible that there may be some in this audience who—

It requires a great deal of courage to—

I have hesitated to mention this matter before, but—

When we consider some of these new problems that press in upon us we—



MRS. LANCELOT

By Maurice Hewlett

Author of "The Forest Lovers," etc.

A frank and fascinating chronicle of the love of three men for the beautiful Mrs. Lancelot, of elfin charm. Which did *she* love—husband, statesman friend, poet lover? An exquisitely wrought tale—Hewlett at his best.

Unusual illustrations

Price \$1.35 net, postage 13 cents

THE CENTURY CO.

Seed Pearl Jewelry
B7384 Necklace 10.00
B7685 Pendant 6.50

B4001 Collar Pins, solid 10k gold, plain, pair .75

B8056 29 diamonds, 12 sapphires set in platinum 250.00 Give size

B89 Lingerie Clasp, solid 14k gold, pair 3.50
R206 Sterling Silver, pair 1.00

B4353 Cameo Pendant, solid 10k gold 2.25

S514 Witch Thimble, sterling silver .25 Give size

R2401 Sterling Shoe Buckles, Colonial style, pair 1.00

S734 Eyeglass Screw Driver, fine steel, sterling silver case .65

S8446 Purse, sterling silver mesh 5.00

J1172 Napkin Band, sterling, bead edge 2.75

Z696 Old fashioned Sewing Bird, silver plated .85

S715 Sterling silver Perfume Box, diam. 1 1/2 in., for handbag or handkerchief box .40

Mahogany Banjo Clock, 17 in. high, fine 8 day movement 5.00

X7 Two Bayberry Candles, hand-colored Xmas card .25

B3487 Friendship Circle Brooch, solid 14k gold, engine turned, 12 whole Pearls 8.00

B4358 Solid 10k gold Thimble 2.00 Give size

B3487 Friendship Circle Brooch, solid 14k gold, engine turned, 12 whole Pearls 8.00

S514 Witch Thimble, sterling silver .25 Give size

S87 Shuttle, 2 1/2 in. long, sterling silver .50

S6092 Match Box, sterling, heavy, etched, gold lined 3.00

S680 Knife, sterling, 3 blades and file, Wostenholm steel 3.50

K1748 Fairfax Teaspoon, sterling silver. One of our most popular patterns; ca. 1.10

S51 Small .15
S53 Large .25

G3178 Caster, 3 bottles, sterling stand, 5 in. high 3.00

S560 Cologne Bottle, 3 in. high, sterling deposit .50

L1211 New flat Traveling Case, morocco, silk lined, Parisian Ivory fittings, 13 pieces 12.00

L802 Black seal case for gentleman's Evening Ties and Gloves 2.25

B4360 Chain, 15 in., solid 10k gold 1.75

B3487 Friendship Circle Brooch, solid 14k gold, engine turned, 12 whole Pearls 8.00

S514 Witch Thimble, sterling silver .25 Give size

S87 Shuttle, 2 1/2 in. long, sterling silver .50

S6092 Match Box, sterling, heavy, etched, gold lined 3.00

S680 Knife, sterling, 3 blades and file, Wostenholm steel 3.50

K1748 Fairfax Teaspoon, sterling silver. One of our most popular patterns; ca. 1.10

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L1211 New flat Traveling Case, morocco, silk lined, Parisian Ivory fittings, 13 pieces 12.00

L802 Black seal case for gentleman's Evening Ties and Gloves 2.25

Wouldn't it be wonderful to feel that *all* the Christmas gifts you send would stand comparison with *any* that your friends will receive?

For rich Uncle William who "already has everything," for five-year-old Marjorie who will rejoice over *anything* you give, and for all between, the one gift that will just fit is within the covers of our YEAR BOOK and within your means.

Thousands of people of wealth and refinement send every fall for our YEAR BOOK because they depend upon it to solve the very same Christmas gift problems which are puzzling you.

Write today for this free 230-page YEAR BOOK. As its helpfulness dawns upon you, you will exclaim, "Why didn't I learn of this years ago?"

As a trial, order one of the articles shown here. We deliver free, daintily packed, and refund money if unsatisfactory.

Jewelers and Silversmiths **Daniel Low & Co.** 203 Essex Street Salem, Mass.

His Time for Retiring

Dr. W. A. Quayle, bishop of the Methodist Church and a popular lecturer, in the early days of his ministry, went back to preach one Sunday to a former congregation in Kansas, and was entertained by one of his old parishioners. After the evening services the family gathered round the hearth and exchanged reminiscences with their guest, apparently without any thought of retiring. Eleven o'clock came and midnight.

The conversation lagged and all showed unmistakable signs of weariness,

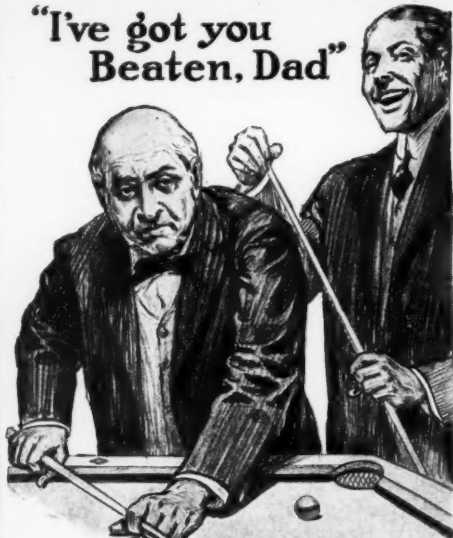
Dr. Quayle yawned politely and rubbed his drooping eyelids. His host moved restlessly in his chair. His hostess eyed the timepiece with growing alarm. The very air was drowsy, but no one seemed able to end the awkward situation.

Finally, as the clock chimed half-past one o'clock his hostess asked depreciatingly, but with a note of desperation in her voice:

"Brother Quayle, when do you go to bed?"

"When I get a chance," replied Dr. Quayle meekly.—*Kansas City Star.*

"I've got you
Beaten, Dad"



Missed!

One poor shot, and the game is lost! Such exciting situations are one reason for the intense fascination of Billiards and Pool.

You can have in your own home a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it.

No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or to take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 41 x 9 feet (standard). All balls, cues, etc., free.

Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost accuracy.

\$100 DOWN

Prices are \$15, \$25, \$35, \$50, \$60, \$70, etc., on terms of \$1 or more down, and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and upon its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. Burrowes Co., 754 Center St., Portland, Me.

Saved by Sheer Pluck

The Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, for nearly fifty years pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in Hartford, saw three years of service in the Civil War as chaplain of the Seventy-first New York Regiment. In the course of his service Mr. Twitchell's experiences were, of course, many and varied. One of them, of a serio-comic nature, has been recently made public.

After a certain fight the surgeon told the chaplain that one poor fellow was quite beyond hope. The chaplain leaned over the dying soldier.

"Well, my dear fellow," he began in a voice of deep emotion, "you are very badly wounded, and if you have anything to say or any word that you want sent to your family, tell me now."

The poor fellow understood. "My inside coat pocket," he breathed painfully.

The chaplain felt a pocketbook there and took it out. "Is that what you want?"

"Yes," was the faint reply. "Open it."

"Here is a ten dollar bill. Is that what you want?"

"Yes."

"What shall I do with it?"

Then the soldier said in a whisper: "Bet you that that I don't die." And he did not.—*New York Sun.*

Too Much for George

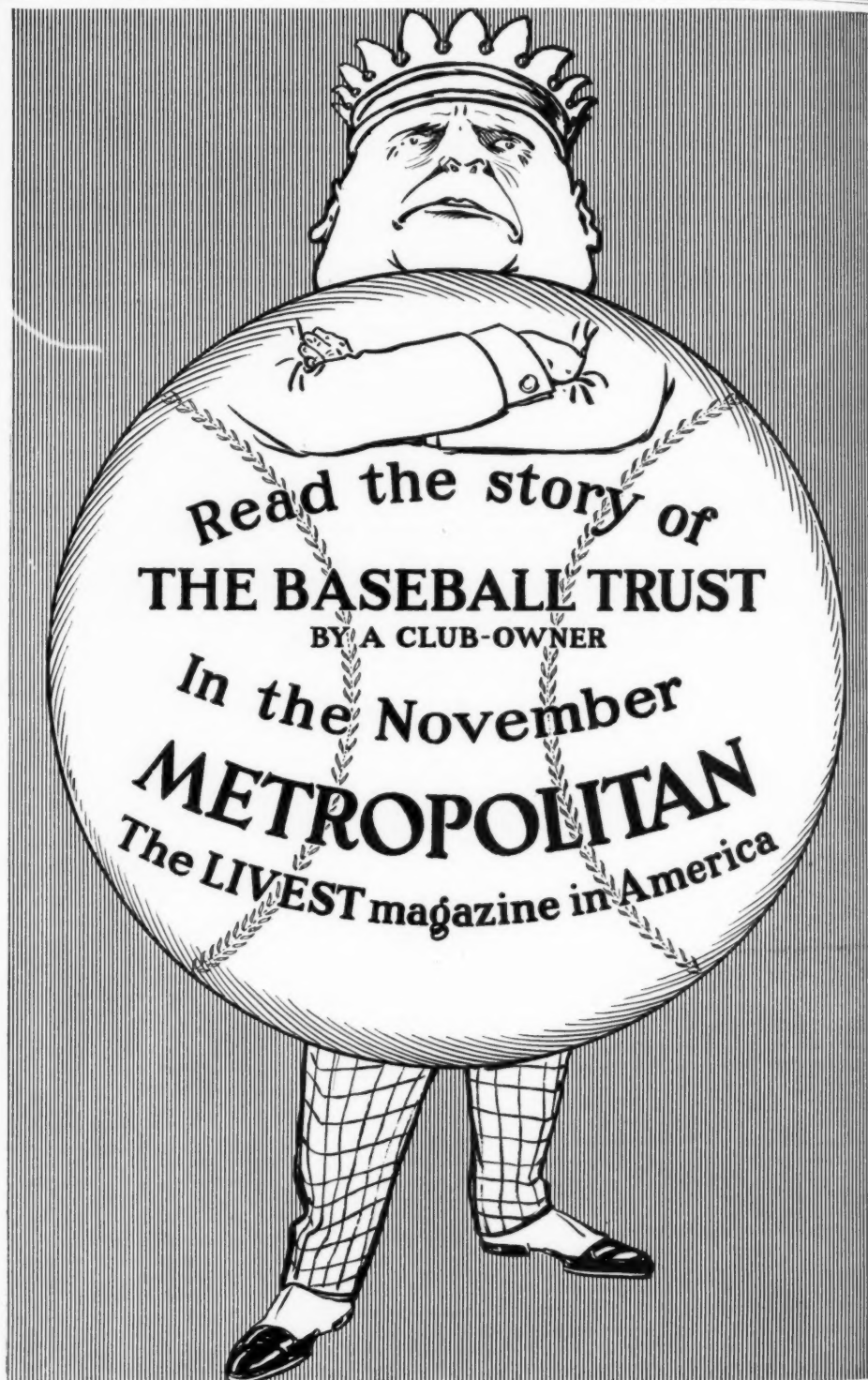
King George, being very fond of Mr. Whiston, celebrated for his various strictures on religion, happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton Court Gardens during the heat of his persecution. As they were talking upon the sub-

ject his Majesty observed: "That however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself."

"Is your Majesty really serious in your advice?" answered the old man.

"I really am," replied the King.

"Why, then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of this way of thinking, where would your Majesty have been at this time?"



1 2 3 4 5
CLASS—INDIVIDUALITY—QUALITY

After years of experimenting with blends of Turkish tobaccos, we've hit on one blend so far out of the usual that we make an unusual offer—

100 Cigarets with Your Monogram \$2

Monogram beautifully engraved—a smooth, rich, mild blend and individually **your** cigaret. Select style monogram from above—pick out the tip you want—silver, gold, plain, straw or cork, enclose \$2 with initials, and we'll forward 100 of **your** cigarettes. Smoke 10 with our compliments—if you say conscientiously you've smoked a **better** cigaret, return the 90 and get your money back—cheerfully—ungrudgingly.

GILL & GILL, 3308 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Books Received

Trying Out Torchy, by Sewell Ford. (Edward J. Clode, \$1.25.)

The Jingo, by George Randolph Chester. (Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind., \$1.35.)

The Spirit of Christmas, by Arthur H. Gleason. (F. A. Stokes Company, 50 cents.)

The Hollow of Her Hand, by George Barr McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$1.30.)

The White Blackbird, by Hudson Douglas. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.25.)

A Tale of Two Conventions, by William Jennings Bryan. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, \$1.00.)

A Durbar Bride, by Charlotte Cameron. (Stanley Paul & Company, London, Eng.)

My Love and I, by Martin Redfield. (The MacMillan Company, \$1.35.)

A Jewel of the Seas, by Jessie Kaufman. (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$1.25.)

The Pope's Green Island, by W. P. Ryan. (Small, Maynard & Company, \$1.50.)

Whippen, by Frederick Orin Bartlett. (Small, Maynard & Co., 50 cents.)

Mary, Mary, by James Stephens. (Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.20.)

Zebedee V., by Edith Barnard Delano. (Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.35.)

Who? by Elizabeth Kent. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.)

With the Merry Austrians, by Amy McLaren. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.)

Shenandoah, by Bronson Howard and Henry Tyrrell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.35.)

Daddy-Long-Legs, by Jean Webster. (The Century Co., \$1.00.)



All the joys of the Crisp Out-doors invite your

KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

Figures show that Kelly-Springfield Tires last longer than other pneumatic tires. Facts prove that they ride easier.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 20 Vesey Street, New York
Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, Seattle, Cleveland, Atlanta and Akron, O.
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo. Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Company, Dallas, Texas.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas. Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.

The Lucky Sixpence, by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. (The Century Co., \$1.25.)

Sue Jane, by Maria Thompson Daviess. (The Century Co., \$1.25.)

Smoke Bellew, by Jack London. (The Century Co., \$1.30.)

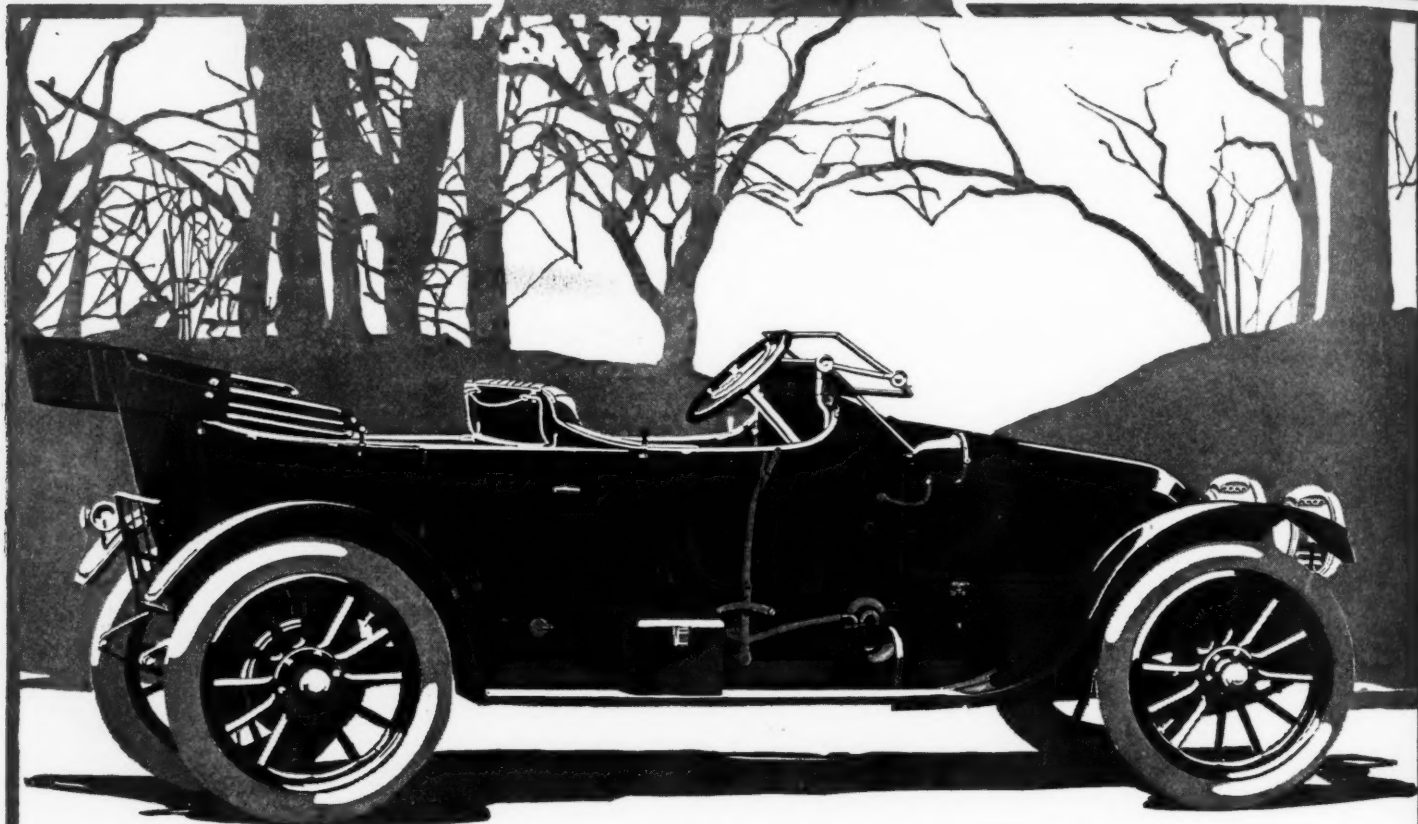
Why Go to College? by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. (The Century Co., \$1.50.)

The Jatakas, Tales of India, by Ellen C. Babbitt. (The Century Co., \$1.00.)

The Lady of the Lane, by Frederick Orin Bartlett. (The Century Co., \$1.25.)

Crofton Chums, by Ralph Henry Barbour. (The Century Co., \$1.25.)

Franklin



Franklin "Little Six" "Thirty"

A light weight unusually efficient car with abundant power. With all the advantages of six cylinder construction—flexibility, smoothness, silence. Operated at small cost. Built for those who want the best, but do not want a big heavy machine. Two types, five passenger Touring and two-passenger Victoria-Phaeton. Price \$2,800.

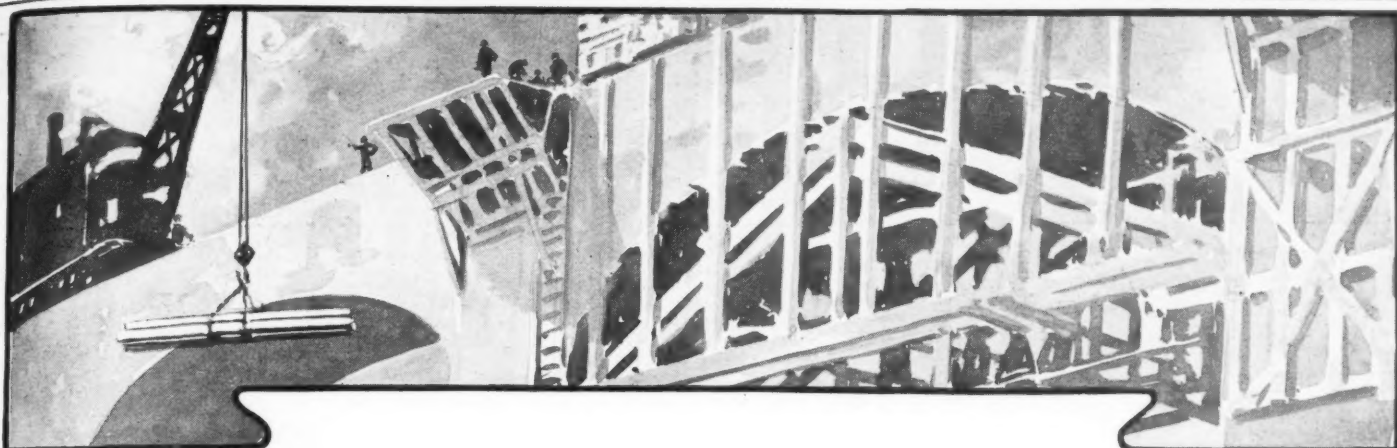
THE COMPLETE FRANKLIN LINE

G Runabout, 4 cylinder, 18 h. p., 2 passenger, \$1,650	G Touring, 4 cylinder, 25 h. p., 5 passenger, \$2,000	D Torpedo, 6 cylinder, 38 h. p., 4 passenger, \$3,500
D Touring, 6 cylinder, 38 h. p., 5 passenger, \$3,500	H Touring, 6 cylinder, 38 h. p., 7 passenger, \$3,750	H Limousine, 6 cylinder, 38 h. p., \$4,750

Those accustomed to the luxuries of life, will be particularly interested in knowing why Franklin Motor Cars (1) use less gasoline, averaging 20% to 35% more mileage per gallon; (2) use less oil, averaging 400 miles and more per gallon without smoke; (3) use fewer tires, averaging 8,000 to 10,000 miles per set, the 1911 record; (4) travel faster on the road in the long run, owners thinking little of making 200, 250 or 300 miles per day without fatigue; (5) ride easier, bowling along so smoothly, silently and comfortably, without jolt or jar, that driver and occupants do not realize the speed they are making; and, (6) wear longer than other cars, many Franklin Cars giving satisfactory service to the same owners 4, 5, 6, 8 and 10 years.

We have recently issued a very interesting booklet (though in home-spun dress) entitled, "AN ANALYSIS OF FRANKLIN MOTOR CAR CONSTRUCTION," which makes it so clear that anyone can understand how the distinctive Franklin principles of constructions are directly responsible for the above mentioned six lines of unusual efficiency. When you have read even a few pages of this booklet, you will realize why we have so consistently stuck to the distinctive Franklin principles of construction. We will be glad to mail a copy of this "Analysis" booklet and our catalogue to anyone seriously thinking of buying a car of the Franklin Quality. Kindly address Dept. F.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse, New York



The Stearns-Knight Car—

Chosen by Leading Men



During the past year the Stearns-Knight car was the choice of a thousand men—men who demanded and secured the best and most modern development in automobile engineering. They were men who had the whole world from which to pick and choose.

These thousand men took our entire output. Because of the continued heavy demand, we found it necessary to secure an additional factory.

Now an even greater success is being scored, and in the new Stearns-Knight models is found a still wider range from which to choose. Roadsters, four-passenger models and five and seven-passenger touring cars are offered, with chassis lengths varied to suit the body designs.

The equipment of all models is complete in every detail, embracing self-starter, electric generator lighting system, top, windshield, Warner Auto-Meter, Klaxon horn, demountable rims and many other conveniences

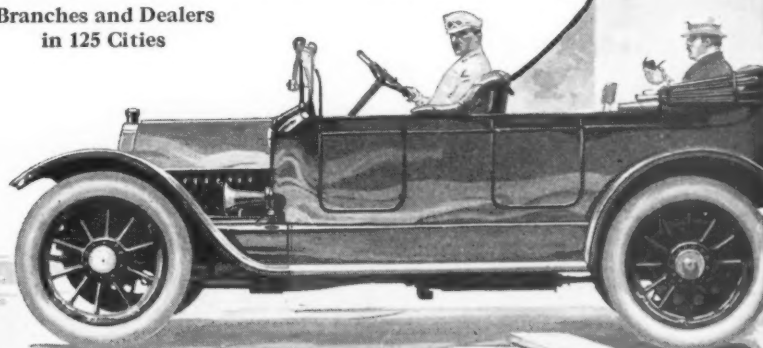
New Series Stearns-Knight Models

Seven-passenger touring car	\$3900.00
Five- " " "	3750.00
Four- " Light " "	3750.00
Three- " Roadster	5000.00
Limousine	5100.00
Landulet	5100.00

Catalog and descriptive matter upon request

THE F. B. STEARNS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Branches and Dealers
in 125 Cities



LEADERS OF MEN

ENGINEERING

Victor-Victrola

Vol. 60, No. 44
Copyright



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or quartered oak

The complete line of Victor-Victrolas

Each year has witnessed important improvements in the development of these wonderful musical instruments, and with the complete line now on exhibition and sale at all Victor dealers, it is certainly well worth your time to at least see and hear them. In no other way can you fully inform yourself so easily.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the *combination*. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100.
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

The instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.



Victor-Victrola X, \$75
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100
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Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150
Mahogany or oak

Other styles \$15, \$25, \$40



Victor-Victrola IX, \$50
Mahogany or oak



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month